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THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

ON March 1st, Mr. William Samuel Lilly, Secretary of the Catholic Union of Great Britain, lectured at Birmingham on the Temporal Power of the Pope. The Continental Press took so many different views of the opinions expressed by this able speaker that he held it advisable, in the interests of his propaganda, to resume the development of this very serious subject in an article which appeared in the NEW REVIEW.

Mr. Lilly is at once a sincere Catholic and a friend of Italy. To us this would be an apparent contradiction, for Italians are unable to understand how the unity and independence of their country can be reconciled with the Temporal Power of a Roman Pontiff. The restoration of the Temporal Power of the Holy See would entail, as an immediate consequence, the enslavement of a people. The Pope cannot desire liberty nor re-assume his sovereign rights but by reverting to the despotism which existed until September 20th, 1870. It is strange that this should escape Mr. Lilly. He censures the statecraft of the Holy See as it was from 1815 to 1848: confesses that the clerical government was bad as long as it lasted, and would not have it restored under the same conditions. Our opponent visited Rome in 1868 and saw how badly priests governed and how they caused themselves to be hated. Well, then, I assure him that the restoration would bear the same fruit. Christ's Vicar, holding that all dominion comes from above, that his authority is infallible, that none of his acts can be controlled by any syndicate, that free will is prohibited to his subjects, is compelled not only to be an absolute king but a theocrat. Theocracy can only live by direct inspiration from God, and the nations have no other duty save blind obedience.

Mr. Lilly attributes the fatal government of 1815 to the French

Revolution which demolished everything that was pre-existent; and adds, without giving his authority for the statement, that before that memorable epoch representative bodies prevailed in the Roman States. Taking this for granted, he concludes that we are not to return to the old order, but that with restitution of Temporal Power to the Pope civil power and the regulation of taxes should be vested in the people. This is a problem as difficult to solve as the squaring of the circle. Mr. Lilly expresses his approval of the Italian movement, of the fall of the six Princes, and the expulsion of Austria from the peninsula. He has, however, forgotten that in 1848 Pius IX. was the first to oppose the war with Austria, and that later on he gave shelter in Rome to the deposed Princes, and encouraged brigandage with a view to the restoration of the Bourbon throne. Mr. Lilly, under the impression that the Italian Government is a prey to sects, and especially to the Freemasons, has not read, and, naturally, would not read, Parliamentary Acts, nor would he cast his eye over the criminal suits which resulted as a consequence of the brigandage which raged for some years in the southern provinces. The inquiry instituted by the Chamber resulted in the discovery, among other documents, of one on which was inscribed the oath which the brigands took in Rome before passing the Trento. These malefactors swore to wage war against the Italian Government and to defend *God, the Pope, and Francis II.* The brigand Pasquale Forgione, who was examined on February 23rd, 1863, replied: "*We fight for the Faith, and have the Pope's blessing. He who fights for the Holy Cause of the Pope and of Francis II. commits no sin.*"*

Mr. Lilly affirms that the Temporal Power of the Pope is a popular institution. From the fourth to the seventh centuries the Roman people confided to their Vicar the government of the city. And recalling the dictum of Gregory VII., that politics in this wicked world are chiefly founded on fraud and force, Mr. Lilly concludes that no government has so pure an origin as that of the Pope. Will the sanguine Secretary of the Catholic Union of Great Britain permit us to remind him that there are two contradictions to his argument—history and the Pope? History records that the temporal power of the Church was born, like the other civil principalities of the peninsula, of treachery and usurpation. The Pope disdains the popular origin and believes that his authority comes direct from God. In the times to which Mr. Lilly refers *plébiscites* were

* Parliamentary Documents, No. 58 B., pp. 52, 53, Session of 1863.

not the fashion, and emperors often owed their crown to the acclamations of their soldiers.

At the end of the third century popular assemblies had ceased to meet, and the right of electing local magistrates had passed to the Senate. And the Senate was no longer that of the Republic; modified, paralysed, rendered vile and impotent by the Cæsars, it lacked the authority which should have legitimised its decrees. In 330, after the seat of empire had been transferred to Byzantium, the *Regina Orbis*, the *Caput Rerum*, began to lose her political supremacy. She lost it completely in 404, for Honorius, with a view to saving the shadow of power and authority that still swayed Italy, made Ravenna the capital of the West. It was here that later the Exarchate, exercising the political direction of the State, was instituted. The confusion incidental on those barbarian invasions which our population had not always the strength to resist was at its height. As will happen when, in a national crisis, the prestige of a State is lowered by conflict, he who is most able and cunning seizes and wields the power. He who could and did do this was the Pope of those times; but for a short space, at brief intervals, and only until the victorious invaders had formed a Government. Local administration had been left to the Romans. But it came from the Exarch at Ravenna, the Duke who had been set over the magistrates and the city. True, after Theodosius had made Christianity the religion of the empire, bishops and priests, foremost among whom was the Pope, had a special influence in public matters. But no Act exists which proves that the Roman Pontiff exercised any political power over Rome. On the contrary, we can affirm that the Church continued to recognise the Imperial authority.

When the Goths had been expelled from the peninsula, bishops and Pope entreated Justinian to publish throughout Italy the code and other laws: if this was to their advantage (the Pragmatic Sanction being comprised in the constitution), the act was on their part a sufficiently palpable recognition of the Emperor's sovereignty. In novel 151 Justinian prescribes that the Pope should be supreme over all priests and should take precedence of the Patriarch of Constantinople; and the second law of the *digestio: Qui non possunt in jusvocari*, guarantees him from every act of coercion or of Imperial despotism, *dum sacra fecit.** In the novels, the same Justinian grants to the Italian bishops the right to

* Il Corpus iuris, Amsterdam, 1664, Vol. I., p. 89, Vol. II., p. 671.

intervene in the elections and the faculty of surveillance over the *judices provinciarum*, and concedes to the Pope and the Roman Senate the authority to carry out the system of coinage, weights and measures, according to the Imperial decrees. This occurred in 549; it therefore appears from these facts that the Pope did not wield that authority which Mr. Lilly avers was confided to him by the people from the fourth to the eighth centuries. And neither the Exarch of Ravenna nor the Emperor of Constantinople lightly forgave the Popes of those days when they exceeded their functions. Pope Vigilius (538) and Pope Pelagius (556) were punished by the Exarch, and Vigilius was later sent into exile, whence returning, by grace of the Emperor, he died on the road, on his arrival at Syracuse. I have not cared to recall, so superfluous did it seem to me, the events which preceded the reign of Justinian; Symmacus beheaded (514) and Pope John made to die in prison (526). These are facts that prove Mr. Lilly to have been sometimes mistaken in invoking history.

St. Gregorius Magnus is an unimpeachable witness of my thesis. Read his *Epistles*, some of which are addressed to the Prefect of Rome, who governed in the name and by order of the Emperor, and read specially those in which he complained of the Greek functionaries. The Holy Father spoke of them in these terms:—"Their perversity is worse than the steel of the Barbarians, so much so that our enemies, with their blades pointed at our throats, are more merciful than these magistrates of the State; who oppress us with malevolence, rapine, and fraud."

It is certain that had Gregory been invested with temporal power he would have dismissed those functionaries, instead of complaining of them to the Prefect of Rome. And I close this part of my argument with a remark. If the Popes of the fourth to the eighth centuries had been invested with civil powers they would not have needed to invent the donation of Constantine, *constitutum Constantini*, by means of which they tried to make the world believe that Constantine had assured to the Pope in the West honours and powers equal to those of the Emperor in the East.

Having proved that the Roman people conferred no dominion on the Pope, I might be held to have exhausted every argument on this subject. Still, the question of the Temporal Power of the Church, since an attempt has been made to reopen it, deserves further historical research. According to instructions received from the Vatican, Catholic associations agitate, with the intention of coercing their Government to lend

diplomatic aid, for the triumph of the Pope's cause. The action of the Catholic congresses in this grave matter must not be overlooked. Last year, many of them, and especially those of Valence, Malines, and Fribourg, voted addresses to Leo XIII., encouraging him to the revindication of Temporal Power. But the Temporal Power of the Popes has a history of violence which Italy cannot forget. The other monarchies which we have abolished were injurious, but not so pernicious to the peninsula as the dominion of the Church. When the Emperors gave up Rome, the Popes coveted their inheritance; they knew that from the ancient glorious metropolis they could rule the world. And they set themselves to gain this end with the wiles of the fox and the fangs of the wolf. Their aim was therefore to prevent the reconstruction of the throne of the Cæsars, and to prevent other Princes from occupying Rome as a seat of civil power. While Rome was besieged and sacked either by the barbarians or by the not less barbarous soldiers of the Emperor, the Popes, powerless to prevent the evil, sought to turn it to their advantage. Gregory II. incited the Greeks and Venetians against the Lombards, to prevent the latter from making a united Italy.

Gregory III. summoned Charles Martel, to pit him against Luitbrand; but the death of Charles (741) and of Gregory retarded the invasion of the Carlovingians. Zachary and Stephen, successors to Gregory, followed the same policy in inviting Pépin to cross the Alps. The Frankish King vanquished Astolfus, occupied the Exarchate and Pentapolis, and presented them to the Pope. But that did not satisfy the Pontifical Curia, seeing that its dominion could only be assured by the destruction of the Lombards. Against Desiderius, the last of their dynasty, Charlemagne fought, conquered, and became a tool of the priests (774). This is the very year in which the Temporal Power of the Popes, so soon to be abused by them, was consolidated.

In 795 the Romans rebelled against the bad government of Pope Leo III. To quell them he invoked the aid of Charlemagne, who accepted the invitation. Clergy and Senate acclaimed the victorious King, crying and singing: "*Blessed be he who cometh in the name of the Lord!*" Thus was theocracy glorified, and the enslavement of the people accomplished. Five years later Charlemagne was crowned by the Pope. Thence originated the Holy Roman Empire, which was destroyed by Napoleon ten centuries later. But the ten centuries did not roll on peacefully for Italy, who found in the Vicar of Christ not the minister of mercy and charity, but the tormentor of consciences and the

protector of despotism. The development of so long a period of history needs rather a book than an article in a review. It is, alas, too true that from Leo III. to Pius IX. Italy has been a battlefield for foreign armies, summoned by the Popes either to preserve their sovereign power or to reconquer it when they had lost it. The struggle between the Empire and the Church in Italy was marked by the violence and perfidy of the Holy See, who for lust of power excited the enmity of princes and peoples, so that they might tear each other to pieces. They had to be either Guelphs or Ghibellines, for the Pope or for the Emperor; there was no neutral ground.

I have already said that Mr. Lilly has the Pope against him. Of this the Secretary of the Catholic Union of Great Britain must have already persuaded himself by the perusal of the Roman Clerical journals. The *Moniteur de Rome*, which is the official organ of the Vatican, has printed two articles, on March 4th and April 6th, in which Mr. Lilly is disowned by the Curia. The *Osservatore Romano* uses language that is equally hostile. Leo XIII. is opposed to the political theories of Mr. Lilly. He opines that the people cannot be the source of political rights, because all authority comes from God. This axiom he has enlarged upon in three pamphlets: 1. *De politico principatu*, June 29th, 1881; 2. *De secta masonum*, April 20th, 1884; 3. *De civitatum constitutione*, November 1st, 1885. The Holy Father, in the circular of 1881, condemns the prevailing opinions on the genesis of public power. He calls them infectious, and ascribes them to the philosophers. He deplores the changefulness of a law which, coming from the people, can be revoked by them: a *quo mandata est, revocari possit.* He then lays down a maxim which he holds as Catholic: *Ab his vero dissentiunt catholici homines, qui jus imperandi a Deo repetunt.**

Mazzini was more logical, or I will even say more Christian, than Leo XIII. The great patriot wrote and maintained that sovereignty comes from the people, and that the people are the only true interpreters of the divine law. This once established, everyone can draw his own conclusions according to his principles. The fact that from the sixth to the eighth centuries the Roman people confided the civil government to the Pope does not exist; but even did it exist, Leo XIII. would not admit it; it would humiliate him to plead to the multitude for his power; he calls himself Christ's Vicar and believes himself to be in continual

*Leonis Papæ XIII. *Allocutiones, epistolæ, constitutiones*, Bruges, 1887. Vol. I., p. 222.

contact with God. In the circular quoted above, the Holy Father repeats: *Politicum imperium a Deo profisci recte docet Ecclesia.** God delegates empires to kings; and princes, like the Roman Pontiff, reign by the grace of God.

Supposing that for a moment, and only for the necessities of argument, I admit Mr. Lilly's hypothesis, viz., the popular origin of the Temporal Power, I must also invoke that healthy maxim of the law which teaches that every mandate can be revoked: *revocari potest.* That is just what Leo XIII. complains of; he does not admit the authority of the proletariat, because of its inherent changeability, while that which comes from God is eternal. But to this theory we may reply that our argument is of the earth, earthy; we are discussing civil power, which cannot be immutable, but is subject to the contingencies of time, modifying itself according to the needs of man. It must therefore yield to the worldly aims of society, and bend to the exigencies of human progress. Now, however, *populus Romanus locutus est.* And this was no act of despair, no cry of anguish, like those of the fifth century so inopportunely quoted by Mr. Lilly—when the multitudes of Rome, taken and sacked by Alaric and forty years later by Genseric, rushed wildly to the Papal palace, calling for help in their tribulation, crying: *Pater noster et post Dominum, salus nostra.*

On October 2nd, 1870, the Romans solemnly and of their free will chose Victor Emanuel for their king. And then occurred a singular episode, which manifested the spontaneity of the *plébiscite*, and which the upporters of the Temporal Power would do well to recall. The Italian, Cabinet had decided to leave the complete sovereignty of the *citta leonina* to the Pope, and had decreed that those citizens who resided on the right bank of the Tiber should take no part in the voting. But the population rose like one man against the indignity of this ostracism to which the Italian nation had condemned it, and, despite the official prohibition, employed a notary to collect votes, thus expressing its unanimous will to become a part of the kingdom of Italy. These are things which Mr. Lilly should know. At any rate, he confesses that Rome has changed within the last few years, and that the fraction of those who espouse the Pope's cause is small and weak among our citizens. This is a comfort to me. And I am further comforted by the declaration of my opponent, viz., that even if the Romans desired to

Ibid, p. 223.

return to Papal rule, the Italian Government would not be inclined to give up its capital.

Mr. Lilly, who so far admits the popular right that he would resort to it to legitimise the Temporal Power, must agree with me that if a man may not commit suicide neither may a people. Liberty is not a marketable article; it is neither transferable nor arbitrary, and no one is obliged to become the slave of another. Neither may nations mutilate themselves: they, too, have a right to existence; hence it follows that no province nor city which belongs to one may alienate itself therefrom. Were this permissible, the dissolution of those natural unities calling themselves nations would become possible. Mr. Lilly demands for the Pope complete sovereignty, political and financial independence. These are the necessary conditions for the peaceful exercise of the Roman Pontificate; and it is our opponent's opinion that, as these same are necessary to the Church's spiritual liberty, the latter must suffer by being deprived of them. As I will prove, the Pope in his sacerdotal aspect has complete sovereignty, has also complete financial independence. This does not satisfy him, because he wants to be a king; and his supporters in maintaining the necessity of the Temporal Power do not perceive that they sin against the divine nature of the Church.

Christianity was, in its beginnings, militant and apostolic. It struggled against civil governments which were opposed to it, and the pioneers of the Faith, by the power of the Word and by the example of an austere life, gained the victory over nations and tyrants. When it became the religion of the empire it had to make concessions to the Princes, and then happened that of which Dante said: "*Per confondere in se due reggimenti cadde nel fango.*"* Thus sang the great poet, six centuries ago, yet he neither saw the Papacy at Avignon, nor on his return from France, nor knew that the lust and avarice of a hierarch would bring about the Reformation and the enfranchisement of many European nations from his spiritual power; neither did he witness the wars that devastated the Continent, nor the fires lighted in our market-places by sacerdotal ferocity.

A civil monarchy lessens the divine prestige in which the Pope drapes himself; kingly power belittles sacerdotal lovingkindness. As the Pope's rule can only be absolute, on his head are its consequences. Absolute kings have the immediate responsibility of the vices and errors

* *Purgatorio*, Canto XVI., lines 128 and 129.

of public administration, of its rigours, of its inevitable harshness, of its involuntary violence. Even kings who govern with the help of Parliament share some of its responsibility, for they must exercise their will in signing a decree, and complaints for acts of iniquity that are done in their name must for this cause reach them. Still they have the pretext and excuse that Ministers are accountable for acts of government, and that cruel laws have been voted by the Chamber.

Free from the cares of State, enclosed within the orbit of his sacred ministry, the Roman Pontiff (since 1870) might be held impeccable. No tax has been levied in his name, no human blood has stained the executioner's block by his order. Leo XIII. cannot by the exercise of his will do aught but good. Still his infallibility in matters of the Faith may be open to discussion; it is therefore the more likely to be believed in because it no longer suffers from the reaction of kingly upon sacerdotal power. I am willing to believe that the Curia desire Temporal Power; that the Jesuits, who have always philandered with religion, who use God for their own ends, desire it. The Pope may not desire it, he must indeed repel it; he must be content with that spiritual sovereignty which has not its like upon earth, which has no rivals, which is great because it stands alone.

The law of May 13th, 1871, is the utmost concession of the modern spirit. Mr. Lilly calls it delusive and insidious; he is mistaken. We will examine the arguments he brings to bear in support of his thesis. By way of proem to my refutations I will bring forward certain considerations from which may be deduced the rights of political society and the condition in which the Roman Church in Italy found itself before the abolition of the Temporal Power. Italy cannot have two kings. Unity of power is an essential, inalienable condition of the existence, the cohesion, and the surety of a State. It does not matter to my argument that the civil monarchy of the Pope would be limited to the Vatican, as Mr. Lilly proposes, and King Humbert ruled the whole of the Peninsula. They would be two rival kings on the same territory, and the danger to the public peace would be grave and persistent. Neither will the innocuous, tolerated Republic of San Marino, which nobody ever thought of suppressing, sustain the parallel. San Marino is an unknown quantity in the world; it possesses no army, it has no diplomacy, it has no pretensions; it is limited to a very narrow territory. It can live autonomously in Italy outside the Italian law without causing jealousy, without any danger that its exist-

ence should become a menace to others. This cannot be said of the Pope. History, with reason on her side, accuses him. To-day he conspires; to-morrow, as King, he would treat openly with the enemies of our country, to the detriment of our national unity. His constitution and the universal sway which is his, as head of the Church, cannot absolve him from suspicion. It is impossible not to suspect him. His unbounded spiritual power furnishes him with arms for disturbing the repose of the State, for thrilling the populations. Besides, I do not see how this civil principality could be organised within the confines of the Vatican. The Pontifical household extends beyond the walls, and the College of Cardinals has its members in the Metropolis and in other cities of the kingdom. What would be the limits of the Pope's political rights, and how would he exercise his civil jurisdiction? These problems should be solved; and clearly—for this regimen would be a very source of conflicts. At every moment, on every occasion, the two powers would come into collision on the subject of the solution of questions in which both clergy and laity would be interested. Under the past *régime* those princes who governed the smaller States of the Peninsula carried the civil authority with a high hand in their relations with the Church. The Pope's bulls were not obeyed without the consent of the head of the State, and it was he who named the bishops, who on their consecration swore fealty and obedience to his laws. Everyone will remember the bull *in coena domini*, repulsed by the little Duke of Parma, who, in his struggle with the Vatican, obtained the aid of the Kings of France and Spain.

The law of May 13th, 1871, gave Europe the first example of a real separation between Church and State. With the exception of the *patronato regio*, which remained intact, and to the exercise of which the Pope is opposed,* the King renounced all his rights of nomination, of the discipline of the clergy and of those beneficiary rights, for which, in the past, the princes had competed in their respective States. The Pope was declared inviolable, and the honours and rank of a king were decreed to him. Those apostolic palaces, in which a conclave or an Ecumenical Council was held, were guaranteed from immunities, hence the prohibition of entry to Royal officials. Visits, perquisitions, and sequestrations were prohibited in the offices of Pontifical congregations. Crimes against the Pope were declared high treason and punished by the same penalties as

*Epistle of Leo XIII., August 27th, 1878. Vol. I. of the *Allocutiones Epistolæ Constitutiones*, p. 41.

those sanctioned by the code in similar cases of crimes against the King. It is certain that these privileges were never decreed in Great Britain to the high functionaries of the Church. In the United Kingdom the law is the same for all. Complete liberty of correspondence with the bishoprics and the whole Catholic world was granted to the Pope. He can receive and appoint legations to foreign Governments, and to the Pontifical ministers as well as to those of foreign Powers were accorded all the prerogatives and immunities which international law has accorded to diplomatic agents.

Liberty of speech and written or printed word, of assembly and discussion in matters spiritual, is intact—with the rights of establishing postal or telegraphic offices in the Papal residence or of using those of the State. The *exequatur*, the *placet regi*, and every other form of Governmental assent for the carrying out of acts of ecclesiastical power were abolished. Finally, it was decided that in matters of spiritual discipline no appeal against acts of ecclesiastical authority would be admitted. Three million two hundred and twenty-five thousand Italian *lire* were assigned to the Holy See, being the sum shown by the last Pontifical returns. This sum was inscribed in the *Gran Libro*, the Great Book of the national debt of the kingdom, in the form of a perpetual and inalienable income exempt from every kind of tax or Governmental, communal, or provincial tithe; it could neither be touched nor diminished, even in case the Government decided on defraying the expenses of the maintenance of museums and libraries.

There is no country in Europe where the Church is as free as in Italy. The priest finds no obstacle among us in the exercise of his ecclesiastical functions. This cannot be said of France, Spain, or Austria.

And I wish to call attention to the three essential conditions of this law, which are, the inviolability of the Pope, the extra-territorial rights of his places of residence, and the inalienable, immutable income set aside for his civil list and all the expenses of the Holy See. These conditions guarantee to the Papacy a position to which only that of sovereign princes is equal. The inviolability puts him outside of every jurisdiction. No law can touch him and no magistrate can exercise his authority over him. The sovereignty of the Pope is a purely Italian invention, not in conformity with the general principles of the law, exceptional in our day, singular and not at all adapted to the normal conditions of modern society. Of this Italy may complain, for this sovereignty might injure her, but the Roman Church can but be content.

The extra-territorialism completes the conception of the Pope's dominion and ensures its independence. It is a legal fiction, recognised as such by all the Powers in the residences of foreign Ministers, who, in the interests of the free exercise of their functions, are held to reside on the territory of the nations they represent. The Vatican and the Apostolic palaces are treated as if they were outside the kingdom of Italy; and the Pope, by virtue of his spiritual mission, is independent of local authority: he is autonomous, and as Pope none can question his acts.

An income has been inscribed in the Great Book of the public debt of a special character and with privileges that are superior to those of other incomes inscribed in the same book. The sum inscribed was not decided upon arbitrarily, for it was the same as that determined by the Pope himself in the last returns of the Holy See. Italy made perpetual the assignment which Pius IX. considered necessary for himself and the needs of the service of the Church. All this is positive fact, and there is no illusion in it, nothing that can produce a delusion, and even less that can hide a snare. Mr. Lilly avers that the law of the guarantees is one that guarantees nothing, and that if the Pope accepted it he would place himself in the position of a slave of the Italian Government It is his opinion that prison, exile, and martyrdom are preferable. These are indeed phrases unworthy of a man of sense, for they are contradicted by facts. The law of May 13th, 1871, has worked for twenty-one years, and with the exception of the income, which Pius IX. and Leo XIII. have not chosen to draw, the Church enjoys the full liberty then granted to her and the guarantees then accorded to her.

The Pope receives foreign Ministers, members of the bishoprics of the whole Catholic world, and pilgrims who hail him as king, declaims against the Italian Government, blesses or curses according to his pleasure; and no magistrate, no official of the State, has controlled his acts, even when he has violated Italian laws. Popes and bishops have not only profited by, but have also sinned against, the law of 1871. Let Mr. Lilly recall, if he can, a single act of the Italian Government that has impeded the Catholic clergy in the exercise of its spiritual functions. Catholic journals complain because the Pope is deprived of temporal power, not that he is deprived of his liberty as a priest. The Italian magistrature may be said to be too yielding to the clergy, to be negligent or inert in moments when its duty would be to maintain public order. The Clerical Press maintains political opinions which if professed by Radical journals would give rise to criminal prosecutions. Pope and

bishops abuse the use of word and print, which they would not have done in other days. If the ecclesiastical law of the smaller States of the Peninsula still prevailed, the clergy would be quieter and more obedient to the common law.

The extent to which the Catholic Church benefited by the law of 1871 was proved on a solemn occasion which had been looked forward to with fear and concern by every Government. On February 7th, 1878, Pius IX. died, and a few days later his successor was elected. The Cardinals who assembled in Conclave on the 18th of that month came out of it on the 20th, having acclaimed as Pope Leo XIII. Ecclesiastical history presents no other Conclave as quiet as this. Thanks to the foresight of the Italian Cabinet, to the vigilance of the police, to the precautions of the authorities, not only were the tranquillity and independence of the Vatican assured, but the conscience of the Cardinals was undisturbed by any foreign influence. It was the first case in which dissenting Powers did not exercise their *veto* and in which the election of the Pope was achieved by those alone who had the right of election.

It is strange that Jews, Waldenses, Protestants, and Christians of various denominations are settled in Italy; and that they mostly live in the great cities, where the populace are Dissenters. During the thirty-two years of the new reign not one head of the Dissenting churches or of the synagogues has ever complained that an Italian Minister has curtailed his liberty or even indirectly interfered in the exercise of his rights. The only ones to complain, and to deafen the world with their cries, are the Pope and his following, the Vatican and the Clerical Press, those who possess a privileged constitution, riches, power, and influence in almost every family. The fact is singular, and of itself would suffice to prove that these wranglers are in the wrong. If the Italian Government were tyrannical, if its laws were iniquitous, complaints would have come from all sides, Catholic and non-Catholic.

Mr. Lilly would, as I have before observed, be satisfied if the sovereignty of the Pope were restricted within the limits of the Vatican. But he wishes the independence of the Holy See to be placed under the protection of the Great Powers, and the initiative to come from the Italian Government. Mr. Lilly does not shut his eyes to the difficulty of this arrangement, and avers that he has no faith in the immediate solution of the Papal question. He is but too right, and I am convinced that these things will happen neither in an immediate nor in a remote future.

Mr. Lilly declares himself to be a great friend of Italy, and maintains that in the interest of our country we ought to grant Leo XIII. the sovereign rights he claims. He believes that, were Italy to be exposed to an anarchical rebellion, we ought to join hands with the Pope for the sake of the preservative and religious forces he represents. I must once more reiterate that the law of May 13th, 1871, is the utmost concession of the modern spirit. Italy has given more than she was justified in giving to the Holy See. No Minister or Parliament of our country would dare to rebuild the Temporal Power or to grant new privileges to the Catholic Church. I wonder that Mr. Lilly, who confesses that he is aware of the difficulties arising from the existing hostile relations of the Pope with the kingdom of Italy, can so far deceive himself as to believe in the possibility of a compromise.

The question of the international compact for the guarantee of the Roman Pontificate has often been opened, but never solved. On November 4th, 1863, after the convention of September, Napoleon III. addressed himself to all the sovereigns of Europe, inviting them to meet in Congress in Paris for the solution of the divers questions of the day, and especially the Papal one; he did not succeed in his project.* After Mentana the Emperor proposed an International Congress, as the result of a circular of Count Moustiers (Minister for French Foreign Affairs), dated November 9th, 1867. But North Germany and Great Britain refused their adherence. In 1870 the consideration of a conference was proposed by Mr. Gladstone, but neither Bismarck, Jules Favre, nor even Antonelli would consent to it.

It is well to recall a colloquy which took place in the House of Lords between Lords Russell and Derby on this subject. It appears clearly from the utterances of these two statesmen that the opinion of the English Parliament was unfavourable to an international convention for a European guarantee of the Pope's Temporal Power. Lord Russell, in addressing the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, created a dilemma. He said: If the Powers meet to express their sympathy with the Pope, this will be of no use to him as a guarantee of his Temporal Power. If, on the contrary, the European Powers decide on intervening with armed forces on behalf of the Pope, even if the attacks against him should come from his own subjects, then I am sure that no English Minister will adhere to the decision. Lord Derby got out of it *pel rotto della cuffia*, as

* *Archives Diplomatiques*, 1863, Vol. IV., p. 188.

we should say in Italy. The illustrious statesman declared that, first of all, he was awaiting the settlement to be agreed upon between the Pope and the King of Italy on a preliminary basis to be discussed by the Continental Powers before the Government of England spoke its mind.*

No attempt at a return to the past will be consented to by the Italian people. It is fortunate that Mr. Lilly declares himself opposed to any violent restoration, and opines that in 1849 the return of the Pope with French soldiery was injurious to him. And I will give a piece of advice to sincere Catholics. It is that they will best serve the interests of the Pope by abstaining from speaking of the Temporal Power and of promoting its restoration. Their advocacy does not hasten the solution of the question, and it adds to the number of the enemies of the Church of Rome. The Church of Rome will cease to be universal if she continues to confound religion with politics. The people, disturbed in their conscience, will feel the need of a National Church in whose bosom Patriotism and God can agree.

The Universal Church is contrary to the spirit of the century. The scope of the Reformation was not only the correction of the vices of the *Curia*, but the freeing of the nations from the tyranny of an alien prince. That which in the sixteenth century was achieved by kings can be done to-day by the people. In Great Britain and in the United States of America foreign religions are admitted, but not their supremacy. And it was the same in pagan Rome. The Pope of every age has been obliged to compromise, for the sake of foreign dominion, dividing his spiritual power with kings and thereby becoming an instrument of despotism. With Roger in Sicily and with Bela in Hungary we had Vice-Popes; and, because of this concord, sacerdotal and civil power became associates and accomplices, so that their disunion was a matter of difficulty, and the nations, bent under the double yoke, could no longer distinguish in the unseemly unions which was their direst enemy, the Throne or the Altar. Italy is on the road to redemption, having, once for all, divided the "two regiments," having separated Church and State. In this she has preceded every other European State. But a little while and she will complete her evolution. The Pope should favour this movement of the human spirit, restraining himself to the rule of souls. But he, for lust of the Kingdom of the World, works against it, not seeing that he is preparing his ruin and that of the

* *Times*, December 6th, 1867.

Church. And his ruin and the Church's will come from the very country to which he looks for salvation.

The conversion of the Pope to the cause of the Republic, the favours granted by him to France have filled many a timorous soul with alarm for the inevitable consequences. The new policy of the Holy See aims at the ruin of Italy and its monarchy, so that in the hoped-for downfall of the new kingdom Leo XIII. may again become king.

The French Republic profits by the aid of the Vatican and is ready to use it in its consolidation. But in the future the Catholic Church will be the loser. The first symptoms are already perceptible. In his letter of February 16th last, the Pope conceded as much as was possible to the French clergy. Meanwhile the Government of that country goes its own way, punishing bishops for their writings and not allowing them to go to Rome without a permit. The Republic has its own ends, it cannot retrograde. Although the rural population is Catholic, despite the power of the clergy, that great nation will never fall under the dominion of the *curés*. France, which for the last century has led the political renewal of the old Continent, cannot stop in her career. At present her principal concern is to strengthen popular rule, and preserve it against internal and external enemies. This end accomplished, she will resume her upward march, and the first to feel the consequences thereof will be the Church of Rome. At present, the Government of the Republic finds the alliance a useful one, and makes a convenience of the Pope's authority over the rebellious clergy. But when the day comes in which there is no more need for fear, in which one and all of the citizens will have accepted the Government of the people, Catholicism is an arm of which the possessors will no longer feel any need. Under the rule of liberty, Christianity will triumph and Papism will disappear to give place to the Gallican Church, purged of Royal tradition, and become, of necessity, popular.

These are the dangers of the Papacy. She may avoid her downfall, or at least avert it, if Leo XIII. will make peace with Italy. But only the renunciation, for ever, of the Temporal Power will make this peace possible.

F. CRISPI.

THE DYNAMITE SCARE AND ANARCHY.

THE last month may be called the month of dynamite explosions. As at a firework display the ascent of the first rocket is closely followed by a crackling all along the line, so the explosion of the Rue Clichy was echoed and re-echoed all over Europe—Madrid, Barcelona, Xeres, Marseilles, and Galicia contributing their part to the general chorus. But the English, who derive such an unusual amount of enjoyment from the noisy performances at the Crystal Palace, and at exhibitions of all kinds, seem not to fully appreciate the fun in the other bigger game. The Press is alarmed at the sudden apparition of the seemingly ubiquitous spectre of universal destruction. A common international action of all the Governments against these common enemies is recommended. The *Daily News* solemnly summons poor Mr. Auberon Herbert to make a recantation of his individualistic creed, in order that no decent man should have about him the faintest smell of anarchy.

Russia has always been a sort of scapegoat for Western Europe Europe made revolutions and profited by them. For Russia their benefit was a very problematic one, whilst the scared Government never failed to intensify its iron despotism on each occasion, by way of precaution. The epoch of the most fierce reaction in Nicholas' time followed not upon the Decembrist insurrection, but upon the revolution of 1848, though at that time Russia was so little of a European country that this movement produced not a shadow of any effect within her boundaries. All disturbances associated in people's minds, whether rightly or wrongly, with some advanced idea have to some extent a similar influence upon Russia. The present outbreak of dynamite mania is not an exception.

The Russian official and semi-official papers are jubilant over the recent Anarchist outrages, pointing to them as a conclusive proof that political freedom is not a guarantee of public order. They triumphantly put forward the stringent measures against the violent section of

Anarchists as an excuse for the drastic laws against "Our own" (Russian) "Anarchists." This reasoning they know to be false. In Russia there are no Anarchists, even of the philosophical type of Mr. Auberon Herbert, without speaking of the extremists. Leaves and warts do not grow upon a tree before the stem is out of the soil. For everything its time. Russia will have its Anarchist party when it has had the experience of political freedom, and I do not suppose any man in his senses will consider this so dire a calamity as to counterbalance the advantages of free political institutions. But until then there are not and there cannot be any Anarchists in Russia. Our revolution is a political one, directed against personal government, like the revolution of the English in the time of the Commonwealth, or the French at the end of the last century, or to come somewhat nearer the mark as to size—like the many partial risings got up two generations ago in Italy by the untiring zeal of Guiseppe Mazzini.

Violence is the sad but unavoidable attribute of revolutions of this kind, and it is idle to inveigh against this fact, because it results from the limitations of human nature. When the Millennium comes men may, and let us hope will, become so highly developed as to be capable of being guided entirely by moral suasion. But until then the element of compulsion—in other terms, of violence—will be a necessary ingredient in all changes in the body politic. The so-called peaceful reforms carried on through ballot boxes and Parliaments differ from revolution only in this: the victorious party gains the command over the organised force of the State—police, tribunals, and army—and thus can at second-hand force its opponents into submission without itself moving a finger in the matter. Whereas in the countries not so favoured the people have to bring about this compulsion in person, regardless of inconveniences, risks, and sacrifices. To hope that any despotism will yield without some strong blow is the same as to expect that some day the English landlords will give up their landed property under the mere pressure of public opinion, without any corresponding Act of Parliament being passed to that effect, or to think that the English manufacturers could have been induced by the same means to shorten the hours of labour or abstain from the use of child labour without the factory legislation of the second half of the present century.

In Russia, owing to special circumstances and special provocation, that violence has assumed a particular form—that of personal attacks upon the representatives of authority, in which dynamite has been

frequently used. This was certainly not the best, but the worst form which the struggle with despotism could have assumed. Still it was a struggle with despotism. When throwing a bomb becomes "the sole means provided by the constitution for moving a vote of censure on the Government," as Professor D. J. Ritchie graphically expresses it in his excellent article upon the Russian situation; when things come to such a pass, the question to be decided is whether the given Government is such as to deserve a vote of censure at any price, or whether it is better to stand anything rather than throw a bomb.

This question everyone is free to decide according to his own lights. I, for my part, decide it in favour of the Russian revolutionists. And although the Russian Revolutionists have not registered at the Patent Office any monopoly for the use of dynamite, they may, I suppose, expect that others should not try to pass their counterfeit wares for the genuine article. I allude to the declaration of one of the Walsall prisoners that the bombs manufactured by them were "destined for Russia." To begin with it was not true. We never have asked, and I hope never will ask, foreigners to help us in the struggle with our paternal Government, except by perfectly unimpeachable exercise of their free public opinion. I think that even for born Russians to manufacture such bombs in England would be a highly reprehensible breach of the law of hospitality. If the Tzar were to come in person to England, his person, as well as the persons of all his ambassadors, male and female, ought to be inviolable for his loving subjects residing in this country. We are all guests here. Now, guests may not be expected to exchange civilities, but they surely must not exchange blows. They must settle their accounts at home.

But enough of digressions, and let us come to the point. My object is to say a few words upon the introduction of dynamite as an agent in the class struggle which is going on throughout all the Western world. This innovation is of a recent date and has not, so far, brought about any appreciable damage. But it is of sufficient importance to deserve a careful and, as far as possible, impartial investigation, which must be perfectly outspoken to be of any value.

There are two things about these outrages the incongruity of which strikes a modern observer, as they will strike some future historian. The first is that these outrages, which are as senseless as they are cruel, should occur at all, and should be approved, if not committed, by persons whose honesty of purpose cannot be doubted, and who show no outward sign of mental derangement. The second is that the good folk

are so scared by them, though there is no apparent reason for being so. Hundreds of robberies and murders are committed yearly in England and nobody seems to mind. But it is enough that some cubic yards of brick and mortar should be deranged somewhere in France, in Spain, in Austria, or at the Antipodes to set the community in commotion and to fill the Press with telegrams, detailed correspondence, and indignant leaders. The judges themselves lose their equanimity. The Walsall prisoners were the first to find this out. For allowing themselves to be befooled by spies into dabbling with explosives they got a sentence which may well set others besides the condemned thinking seriously.

Why is there so much excitement about so little? It is evident that the tribute of so much notice and apprehension is paid to these outrages only because they are connected with an idea. This, in a sense, is very encouraging, for it shows men's hidden faith in the moral nature of their most vilified brethren, of those whom they pretend to despise the most. Nobody fears that crime, committed for selfish motives, may ever increase so as to become a danger to all society, whilst the worst is thought possible when some idea is brought forward to sanction it.

Now in order to ascertain how far such an eventuality is possible we must find out what that idea is worth. There are ideas and ideas in the world, their power for good and for evil differing according to their depth, comprehensiveness, consistency, and, of course, applicability. We must therefore embark for a while upon theoretical disquisitions; and with the risk of offending my readers I will say that the idea of Anarchy, if rightly understood, is one of the most fruitful seeds that have been thrown into the warm, receptive furrows of our reforming century. "Anarchy," literally translated, means "Absence of government," and in general conception is associated with the idea of chaos, confusion, disorder. It would actually be that, whatever the adherents of the creed may say to the contrary, if one fine morning all laws regulating the political and economical life of the country were declared null and void. But we need not consider Anarchism as a practical ideal, but only as a tendency, a desideratum, which can be approached but never attained in practice. Then it simply means the recognition of all subjection of man to man, no matter in what form or guise, as an evil that may be tolerated as a practical necessity, but must be abrogated in the course of time, until the man, freed from all trammels, all limitations, except those imposed by nature, shall be able to expand and assert his individuality and be a law unto himself.

No higher and nobler ideal could be conceived, and civilisation is evidently moving in that direction, though by very roundabout ways. Modern humanity would have been much poorer if Pierre Joseph Proudhon had never lived, and it seems to me that those who are attacking Anarchy most vehemently—the middle-class Press and the middle-class people—have the least reason to wish for its annihilation. Anarchy is not a labouring man's doctrine, although its adherents will swear by all their gods that it is so. It is the quintessence of the middle-class philosophy—the *laisser faire* of the middle-class economists, applied broadly to all the issues of social life. The working men—I mean those who can reason logically on the basis of their class interests—cannot afford to be Anarchists. It is a luxury beyond their means, and in most cases beyond their tastes, because tastes develop hand-in-hand with means. The founder of Anarchist doctrine, though born a working man, was a typical middle-class man, and through all his writings he expresses in glowing words his admiration for the middle-class as the most revolutionary class of society.

Among the present leaders of the Anarchist party who have made any mark, almost all belong to the middle-class. This cannot be otherwise. In future, when the workmen obtain, to say the least, the same facilities for satisfying the first necessities of life as the middle-class now possesses, they will become (again to say the least) as well educated, and then they will yearn after individual freedom as much as their older brothers in civilisation. But one cannot think of building temples before one has even a hut to protect the body from the inclemency of the sky. The first necessities of life must be guaranteed first. Individualism is a doctrine for those who are individually strong. The workman is helpless when isolated. His strength is in the league of great numbers acting as one body, and this can be obtained only at the expense of a partial sacrifice of personal independence.

This is not a theoretical surmise. The Trades Unions undoubtedly engross what may be called the flower of the labouring class in this country. Yet there is no body of people swayed and held together by such an iron discipline, and showing so little sentimentality in dealing with dissenting brethren, whom they never scruple to punish very severely by denying them access to work. This is the necessary condition of every war; and as time goes on and the class war extends, the mass of workmen taking part in it increasing, this necessity will increase too, and is likely to become more of a permanent habit than it is at present.

Now it is clear to anyone who is not voluntarily blind that we are not merely on the eve, but in the very midst, of a total remoulding of the economical groundwork of modern society. A co-operative civilisation, which is to supplant the modern competitive civilisation, is looming upon the horizon. It is sure to come, whether we like it or not; and the masses, growing in enlightenment, and gaining every year a greater hold over the political machine, will end by becoming masters of the position. It is absurd to suppose that they will transform the country into a big workhouse, as the opponents of Social Democracy are wont to assert. Still, a tendency to give to the State too great an authority over the individual may easily declare itself. The gloomy prognostications made by Mr. Herbert Spencer (*Man versus the State*) may for a time be partially verified. It is, therefore, highly desirable that a sort of corrective should be at hand.

The function of the so-called Anarchists seems to me to be precisely that of introducing into or preserving in the future labour State what was best in the middle-class one—the strong, unyielding feeling of individuality. Anarchy is not Socialism. Proudhon called himself a Socialist, but there is no Socialism without common ownership of instruments of labour, and he was for private property as a guarantee of freedom, and communism in any shape or form was an abomination to him. Those of his disciples who remain faithful to his doctrine are more consistent. Repudiating the thing they repudiate the name too. In England they are known as "Individualists," a handful of people gathering around Mr. Auberon Herbert as their political leader, and recognising no less a man than Mr. Herbert Spencer as their teacher. The Individualists are very numerous, on the contrary, in the United States of America, where they form many branches with many gifted leaders, such as Mr. Tucker Pentecost and others. With an admirable straightforwardness so characteristic of the Americans they make no concessions to the spirit of the age. They are frankly hostile to Socialism, recognising private property, the right of bequeathing, and competition. In the time of strikes they make themselves conspicuous by a warm patronage of the "Blacklegs," whose right to play traitors to the workers they are always ready to maintain against the "tyranny" of the trades unions and other labour organisations. But Socialism has got such a strong hold over the mind of modern humanity that it was natural that people should try to amalgamate it somehow with the idea of Proudhon's Anarchy.

This fusion was accomplished under the auspices of a very remarkable

man, Michael Bakunin, a Russian revolutionist of the generation of 1848. The Socialistic or Communistic Anarchism has more claims than this to be called a Russian invention. Bakunin's fundamental idea of the future organisation of the ideal Anarchist communes was borrowed from Russia, for it is nothing but the reproduction of the Russian village commune with its *Mir*, directing all the economical concerns of the village, yet free from all the paraphernalia of ordinary Governments. It is well known that in the Russian Mir—at least when it happens to be in conformity with the popular idea of it—there is no compulsion of any kind. There is not even that of the majority over minorities, because voting and ballot are unknown to Russian peasants, and every question is decided unanimously by means of mutual concessions and compromises, as in united families. For one who has read Bakunin's Russian writings there can be no doubt as to the genesis of this idea.

If Bakunin had declared the American Shakers and Perfectionists to be unconscious Anarchists, exemplifying by their lives the possibility of a practical application of Anarchical Communism, he would be not much farther from the mark than he was in paying this compliment to the Russian peasants with their worship of the Tzar, their submissiveness to patriarchal authority, and their blunted sense of individuality. But the dream of an ideal society in which the social harmony is not broken by any discordant sound was too attractive to be given up so soon. The objections arising from the plain, everyday observation of human nature were met by enthusiastic faith in men's potential perfection. This part of the doctrine was elaborated and defended for years with much ability by another Russian, who is at once a scholar, an orator, and a brilliant journalist; I mean my friend Peter Kropotkin. He wrote upon the subject a series of papers afterwards collected in a volume (*Paroles d'un Revolté*, in French), which may be called the Manual of Communistic Anarchy. This book is interesting reading, both as a document of our time and as a personal characteristic. It is not absolutely convincing, though nobody can tax it with want of consistency. The author's fault lies rather in the other direction: he is too consistent, too prone to proceed from abstract premises, completely disregarding the realities of life and the real qualities of men such as they are and not such as they ought to be.

There is a question which is a fundamental one for a community of labourers: that of protecting the community against the laziness of some

of its members, and securing for it good careful work. At present this is obtained in a way as simple as it is effective. The lazy worker is turned out and must either reform or starve. The Social Democrats do not scruple to say that they propose to keep to that energetic method of the capitalists. But the Anarchists are in some difficulty, as they would not admit compulsion by hunger any more than by chains and prisons. Kropotkin gives us the Anarchist solution of the difficulty, which is: feed and maintain the drones as if they were diligent workers, and leave the rest to public opinion. It is not natural to a healthy man to lie idle. The number of sluggards can never be great, and it will be a much wiser policy on the whole for the community to bear the insignificant material loss than to allow the demoralising introduction of compulsion.

This is all very true: but is it necessary to say that no community of workmen will endure these parasites; that instead of treating them as "afflicted brothers" (as they are humorously recommended to by another Anarchist writer) who have to be consoled for their affliction, the workmen will feel an irresistible temptation to kick them out and get rid of them and of their affliction?

The other parts of the social scheme of the Socialistic Anarchy—those referring to crime and its prevention, to the remuneration of work, distribution of goods, &c.—resemble the one just quoted. The same logical consistency and the same practical inefficiency. The whole can be compared with those ingenious machines devised by the enthusiastic seeker after perpetual motion, which reveal sometimes admirable inventive genius, but cannot possibly work because the inventor has overlooked now friction, now the resistance of the atmospheric air, now the force of gravity, now all the three items combined. Still, the great aim of the practical mechanic is to get the greatest amount of movement with the least possible expenditure of accumulated energy. The economical forecasts of the Anarchist are like the political one. Both must be viewed not as a practical plan, but as a tendency, the final link of an endless chain which can be always approached and never attained.

It seems to us only a dream. But that dream is certainly beautiful. As to its practical value, it is enough for us to ascertain that there are a number of people who earnestly believe in it. For this in itself gives to it a certain constructive force which we need not grudge or wish should be diminished. No single theory can be viewed as a final one, and no single creed can pretend to be in possession of the full truth. Life is too complex to be resolved into a few formulas, and all those who are for

progress in a broad unsectarian spirit must wish the greatest possible variety in men's previous training.

This theory of tolerance may be considered rather loose, though few, I presume, will think it necessary to refuse the right to existence to the doctrine in connection with which it has been advanced.

But this Anarchy is one that is known to very few scholars: that is precisely why I have described it. The Anarchy which the world knows is that of blood and dynamite, which views crime as a legitimate means of "agitating by way of facts"—in other words, of advertising the party; which for the sake of money kills to-day old people, alleging cynically that they had not long to live in any case, and to-morrow may kill little children because they are too young to appreciate the value of life.

How about that Anarchy? Whence did it spring, and how came it to pass that a doctrine which repudiates emphatically the mildest form of compulsion and advocates the most perfect freedom should be associated with acts like these? We shall find no clue to this riddle in applying to logic. To the ideas we read in the works of Proudhon, Reclus, Kropotkin, they are as contrary as to the common code of law. For there can be no worse despotism, no worse form of oppression of man by man than that which allows any coward to become arbiter of the life of every citizen, his wife, his children. The dynamite Anarchy is a dark psychological phenomenon which sprang from the confusion of the ideas and recollections of political revolutions, from class hatred, and the distorted metaphysics of individualism.

It was natural for people of extreme views to look for extreme methods in their applications. Political revolutions, which played such an important part in the recent past of the Continent, were there to suggest an example. Some of the extreme fractions of Socialists in Spain and Italy have adopted it. Of these sections I will not speak, for their existence is a question of expediency which can be decided in each case on its own merits. An open insurrection is a sort of plebiscite in which the whole nation is asked to pronounce for or against a certain order of things. Citizens have a right to appeal in extreme cases to such a plebiscite—at their own risk and peril. Outsiders have no voice in the matter. But for some extremists the popular revolutions seemed too long and roundabout a way, whilst others could not reconcile themselves to the ideas of authority and discipline which are inseparable from an open insurrection. Thus the idea of *individual* insurrection—

which is that of licence for every individual to commit any outrage without let or hindrance—came into existence.

But against whom "to rebel"? Whom to strike? The pending struggle was a class struggle, and each and any member of the hostile class was as much an enemy as another. There was no need of making any choice, and this gave the outrages their most offensive characteristic: the ease with which they could be committed. In practice, however, it was this special characteristic that was further improved: bombs were thrown at random with but the faint *chance* of hitting a *bourgeois*.

But there are things which it is almost impossible for any honest man to commit, no matter how hard he tries to distort his mind and blunt his natural feeling. Thus a curious thing occurred. I would have said a comical thing, had the matter not been so serious. Whenever any of the above-mentioned acts was reported in the papers, the first outcry among the dynamite Anarchists themselves was invariably the same: "This, for certain, must have been done by a spy." I have heard this exclamation a dozen times, and could never get it explained by what strange mental aberration people can endorse to any extent, or at least not repudiate, acts which they suppose spies alone to be capable of doing. And in two cases out of three the first guess has proved to be quite correct—spies were at the bottom of the scare, the third case pertaining either to an escaped common convict like Ravachol, or to some of the poor snivelling wretches who, after committing what was intended to be, or actually was, a deed of blood, began to repent and ask for mercy, and to extricate themselves by all sorts of lies.

Is there any chance that this may change, and that the contagion may extend to honest men who alone can be dangerous? No, there is none. I affirm it with full confidence, and here is an irrefutable proof, which I defy any dynamite Anarchist to impugn.

On November 11th, 1886, five Anarchist leaders were hanged in the Chicago State prison. They were accused of having been parties to the throwing of a bomb in one of the Chicago public squares, which cost the life of several policemen. Such was the accredited version of the story, and up to the present it is believed by most people not only in this country but in America as well. But those who have investigated the matter from the huge volumes of authentic documents know that it was not so. The executed Anarchist leaders were not a party to the crime of the Haymarket. The homicidal bomb

was thrown by a stranger ("by a spy" the Anarchists affirmed as usual) without their knowledge or participation. The five Anarchist leaders were guilty only of violent language, which was very shocking indeed, but at this time was not prohibited by the law of the State of Illinois and was indulged in to their hearts' content by all the political parties of Chicago. Thus the execution of these people was another form of lynching. There was an unprecedented amount of excitement about the case all over the United States, and in Chicago in particular; hundreds of thousands and millions of people all over the country, who had not a shadow of sympathy either with Anarchy or Socialism, disapproved of the severity of the sentence and were hurt by its being carried out. The situation was intensely dangerous, and worse consequences could be anticipated. Several members of the police and magistracy of Chicago made themselves very conspicuous in the prosecution. In such circumstances it was possible that the suppressed passion of the surviving Anarchists might burst out into some act of genuine revenge, when people forget personal danger and throw bombs without thinking of using a long fuse. The affair is now ancient history, and can be spoken about in this strain without impropriety. Nothing happened, however—fortunately, I will add—for such an outburst would have produced a most pernicious and undesirable complication in the labour movement in America.

The fate of these five leaders influenced only the oratory of their comrades. I do not wish to taunt the Anarchists with their lack of personal courage. Physical courage is a very common quality among men. No cause whatever, whether of progress or reaction, has been deficient in it, and the Anarchists as a party must have their natural share of it like any other body of people. If it did not run into the channel of personal outrage, that shows that there is an unconscious hidden logic regulating men's actions, even when the conscious logic to which they give utterance is dragging them with might and main off the rails altogether. In a class struggle depending entirely upon the amount of adhesion on the part of the masses; in countries where the liberty of the Press and of speech, multiplying a thousandfold the powers of an individual, allow him unlimited possibilities of influencing his fellow countrymen; in such countries it was absurd, on the face of it, to engage in a man-to-man fight with the officials who had no power in themselves, but were obedient tools of the many-headed public opinion which was the master, the king, and the Tzar.

Thus it came to pass that the event which for one moment cast such a gloomy shadow upon the future had no other consequences—and fortunately so, I will add once again—than that of adding to Anarchist oratory and agitation.

Now since, under such unique circumstances, nothing occurred, there is no chance of its ever occurring anywhere. The dynamite fraction cannot possibly become a serious danger. The few earnest deluded men belonging to it will play the same pitiful part as to-day, exhausting themselves in the inglorious effort of inflicting upon themselves, "for the glory of God," a sort of moral self-mutilation. The head and front of the fraction will be composed of Ravachols, and the Ravachols cannot be more dangerous than the Deemings.

But while being not more dangerous they are more unpleasant. This creates a peculiar desire to stop these outrages at any price, a desire which is very natural and legitimate, but, like all impassioned desires, it wants moderation.

The surest and safest remedy against this disease is the healthy public opinion of the labouring class, which will be decisive as regards a movement pretending to favour its interests. In nine cases out of ten the victims of these outrages are working people or their families: being more numerous they naturally run the greater risk of being hit by these random explosions. This they will not stand for long. They will not stand it on general as well as personal considerations. The preservation of interior peace and legality is of greater advantage to the working men as a class than to their employers. It is a great fallacy to suppose that the machinery of the State is needed chiefly by the rich as a protection against the poor. The rich could very well protect themselves, thanks to their capital, which would hire a retinue of the same labourers and establish a new feudalism. The poor would surely fare worse if the political securities were abrogated, as they fare worse in Russia where these securities are unknown.

Everything tending to derange public order is therefore inimical to the slowly growing supremacy of the labouring class. The more conscious of their power the labourers become the more they feel this. Of all countries England and Germany are those which seem best protected against the spread of dynamite epidemics, because the Labour party is best organised in them. So that one may say that social democracy is the cure for dynamite, and its sure growth is the best security for the future.

Yet, notwithstanding all these considerations, I will not venture to prophesy the speedy cessation of the dynamite scare. On the contrary, it seems to me very probable that we shall hear of explosions every now and then, for there is a great force at work which is tending to spread the contagion. This is not class hatred, not the impatience of wrongs actual and imaginary—it is the sensational journalism which deserves the palm for its efforts in spreading and protracting the dynamite epidemics. It is the noise made about these outrages, the shocking rush after every personal detail of the lives of their authors when detected, interviewing them, hunting up their genealogy, recording their words, which gives them the proud sensation of having shaken with one blow the foundations of society, and which may turn the heads of outsiders as well.

Against this influence of journalism we are powerless. The taste of the public, once depraved, peremptorily demands more and more spiced food, and the decent papers are bound to follow the example in order not to be left in the lurch. We have only to patiently wait until the tastes of the public shall improve and reform the Press. But public opinion might well have a beneficial influence in preventing the aggravation caused by other signs of panic—such as exceptional measures, exceptional punishments, which have *quite the opposite effect of that intended;* and particularly in protesting against the un-English, unfair, disgraceful system of using *agents provocateurs*, as is the traditional habit in France. And when such mistakes are committed they might sometimes be redeemed. I venture to suggest that it might be a wise as well as humane step if some English public man would take notice of the last Walsall sentence, so utterly disproportionate to the offence, and giving much more cause for public attention than all the Montagu and Osborne cases put together.

S. STEPNIAK.

TYPES OF CHARACTER IN THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

AMONG the established truisms of life, few are perhaps more universally recognised than the time-honoured saying "History repeats itself": a statement, however, which is, like too many others in our days of youth, generally accepted without reflection, and stored internally without digestion, until in the more thoughtful years of maturity we come to the gradual discernment of hitherto unsuspected meanings in such axioms, and the perception of what widespread ramifications may develop themselves from even a well-worn platitude.

In the particular instance before me, a small amount of study may suffice to make plain to us the vast tract for mental exploration it opens out, as, led by the stories of nations in their successive growth to the analysis of characters therein displayed, we gather from the writings of old down to those of the actual moment, how infallibly and inflexibly the human race is subject to the like ordination, and how palpably all those individual qualities, attributes, and specialities for good and evil which constitute the bane or blessing of our own times are reproductions of what made or marred long bygone generations in distant and totally different lands.

To confirm this view, we need only ponder awhile over the Book of Proverbs collected nearly three thousand years back by the Wisest of Kings, continued from his store some three hundred years later under the auspices of Hezekiah, and brought to a fitting conclusion with the precepts imbibed and treasured up from his mother by King Lemuel. For although I can scarcely anticipate the ready and unreserved acceptance of my long-cherished theory—that the definition of nearly every character on record or in existence is to be met with in its pages—I still venture to believe we shall find it borne out to a far greater extent than might be imagined, if we examine some of their verses in what I take leave to call a metaphysical and secular, rather than absolutely

religious train of thought: regarding this as I do (notwithstanding their position in Holy Writ) to be perfectly feasible, not only without a shade of irreverence, but also without lowering the tone that is in due accordance with such a subject; and, further, to be conducive to at least one beneficial result, in bringing divers personages of both profane and sacred history to a less shadowy and more life-like focus in our minds, thus strengthening the bonds of union throughout humanity from its earlier to its latest days.

In turning our attention to the definitions of character, it is obviously imperative to direct their application chiefly to public rather than private individuals, and to generalise far more in writing than is natural in thought, but every example upon which I light suggests to me so many more, within even the scope of my personal experience, as to strengthen my belief in the possibility of a somewhat corresponding effect upon other intellects. Let us then glance at this brief, but exhaustive description of a skilfully conducted bargain, "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he hath gone his way then he boasteth," and declare if it be not a photograph in words of the actions of many an amateur friend, holding up to our admiration the priceless hoards of old pictures, old china, &c., which his superior knowledge has enabled him to snatch "for a song" from the possession of ignorant and needy owners.

Those, however, who have to deal with more weighty matters, often involving issues of life and death, depend on something beyond technical knowledge to guide their course in safety, and thus we may almost view as prophetically epitomised in this sentence, "Discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee," the several attributes of three women who filled difficult and honourable parts in their respective epochs of stormy history—Catherine Parr, Catherine the wife of the Russian Peter, and Madame Roland; while the lovely Mary Stuart and the brilliant Marie Antoinette incurred those terrible destinies which they ultimately met with so much fortitude and dignity by their previous thoughtlessness (albeit very differently exhibited) as "fair women without discretion." More prosperous careers, reminding one of "the spider (that) taketh hold with her hands and is in king's palaces," were achieved by both a French and an English adventuress, neither of whose biographies is exceptionally praiseworthy — Madame de Maintenon and Mrs. Abigail Masham, though it must, in justice to them, be conceded that if ever the "brawling woman," to dwell with whom even the

"wide house" is insufficient, and as a refuge from whom the smallest "corner of the housetop" is welcome, were thoroughly typified in modern times, of a surety it must have been in the persons of the patronesses they supplanted—Athenaïs Marquise de Montespan, and Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. After these termagants it gives, even at this distance of years, a sensation of refreshment to reflect how admirably the truth, "a gracious woman retaineth honour," was illustrated by the deposed Joséphine in her retirement at Malmaison, whither her friends resorted to tender more heartfelt, if less ostentatious, homage to the forsaken wife than had, in former days of prosperity, been proffered to the consort of the victorious First Consul and Emperor, and than was ever probably received by her successor at his side.

To come now within more immediate range of recollection, was not a "wholesome tongue" lost to his country when John Bright dropped out of the ranks of our living statesmen? and can the ragged dwellers in lanes and bye-ways ever dissociate the assurance that "mercy and truth shall be to them that devise good," from the memory of the last but one Lord Shaftesbury? Again, how far-spread in town, city, and college was the lamentation when that almost apostle, though not of our creed—"he that loved a pure heart"—passed into a more spiritual atmosphere, and was Cardinal Newman on earth no more! And of the many faithful shepherds in our own Church (whether taken from or still left to us), to whom their flocks, at home and abroad, owe such quickening words of exhortation and encouragement, how forcibly does this verse, "Have I not written to thee excellent things in counsel and knowledge?" apply itself in our minds to the late Bishop of Peterborough, the late Dean Church and Canon Liddon, the existing Dean Vaughan, Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Fleming, and many, many more did space allow of enumeration. While in the short yet pregnant reminiscence, "I was my father's son, tender and beloved in the sight of my mother," we read what might have been the last words of a young prince, the shadow of mourning for whom still hangs over us.

In a brighter vein of observation, we may judge from tolerably recent lists of the young winners of scholastic honours, that more than one "wise son" must on occasion have made "a glad father" of the Speaker of this House of Commons, while the partisans of every side and opinion can but agree how consistently that father has, in the exercise of his official duties, borne out the definition of "he that handleth a matter wisely." How far "the desire accomplished"—success that is—

proved "sweet to the soul" of Lord Beaconsfield (whose look of suffering when at the apex of that success too often appeared to testify how "even in laughter the heart is sorrowful") was probably never thoroughly fathomed by his most intimate friends, for his was essentially the oriental prudence of him "that refraineth his lips" on personal matters, and even on more general topics his discourse was terse and epigrammatic, rather than flowing. The man, however, of indisputably "excellent speech," whether his doctrines be acquiesced in or combated, is still to be found in our Senate, and whenever or wherever this veteran Statesman and ex-Minister rises to pour forth the copious streams of his eloquence, that power of riveting attention which has been to him through life as a gift of the gods, remains unchallenged and incontrovertible to the multitude.

In treading on less healthful ground, we must pass quickly over the saddening chronicles anent a miserable home in the North of Ireland that have lately exemplified how most especially "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel" from a stony-hearted mother towards her defenceless little children; neither need we linger over the fact that only a few years back a certain hero known to fame as the "Jubilee Juggins" proved to us conclusively the survival—not exactly of the fittest, but—of the "young man void of understanding." Would that we could look on him as a unique or even rare (though happily no longer rich) specimen, but if we doubt the existence of the "feet that be swift in running to mischief," of those who fly "as a bird hasteth to the snare and knoweth not that it is for his life," shall we not find them by scores inside the (smoking) compartments of the sumptuous *train de luxe* bearing them all gaily to the alluring green tables whose end is destruction; and has not the scandal of a very recent trial and conviction burnt into the soul of an unhappy ex-M.P. and all connected with him how terribly "he that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house"? Yet another character, which rises up and is very present to my mind, will I leave to be identified by those who read according to their experience, for it is, I regret to say, not an altogether uncommon type, and happy shall they be esteemed who fail to count among their acquaintance some one individual whom it is as difficult to keep out of the house as the east wind in spring, and whose effect upon those who are thus victimised is "as vinegar to the teeth and as smoke to the eyes!" "He" (or she) "that goeth about as a talebearer revealing secrets" from home to home, now like the "daughters of the horseleech, crying give, give," and anon with the "lying lips

(that) are an abomination," or the "flattering mouth (that) worketh ruin," stirring up strife, arousing hatred, and awakening envy—this is the being whose ways are "froward and strange," and whom it behoves us as we value home peace and comfort to "avoid, turn from, and pass away."

We have already touched upon one (the spider) of the "four things" noted by Solomon as "exceeding wise," furnished that is, in my interpretation, not with the celestial attribute that is "more precious than rubies" and "better than the merchandise of silver and fine gold," but with a lower kind known as worldly wisdom, and often synonymous with prosperous egoism. To this quality I may revert presently; meanwhile of the remaining three classes thus endowed, we begin, in due order, with the ants; and it will, I trust, be in nowise regarded as disparagement of a calling in which I rejoice to claim many friends, if I point out the comparisons which naturally institute themselves between the habits of these insects and those occasionally instanced in some members of the legal profession. Consider a few varieties of this "people not strong" in outward show, but diligent, prescient, and essentially acquisitive. First come the hard-working, grubby, small emmets, held up, theoretically, as an example to the sluggard, but, practically, I imagine, chiefly imitated by the poor "devils," "jackals," and other necessitous waiters upon Providence and the crumbs that may fall to them from rich attorneys' bags. Next we have the colonies of white (I do not say *white-wigged!*) ants, who hold in a body compactly together, and devise, with unerring instinct, how best to arrive at the inner sweetness of the most securely defended honey-pot, suspended though it be from apparently inaccessible height; and finally we must take the ferocious red ants of the torrid zones (to a luckless client, indeed, what zone can be more torrid than the Law Court which has become too hot to hold him!), renowned alike for their dexterity and voracity, whereby they are enabled, in an incredibly short time, to transform into a bare and cleanly-picked skeleton the fleshless substance of any wretched victim that has fallen to their portion. Thus the ant of the insect—and sometimes, perchance, of the human—species "provideth her meat in summer, and gathereth her harvest in winter."

And whereunto shall I liken "the conies"—the "feeble people" who are yet skilled to "make their houses in the rocks," that is, in safe and hidden places, even, it may be, in cellars underground, where they burrow obscurely, and increase, coming forth in the early or late hours of

the day, when shade favours their operations, to trespass and nibble upon unlawful ground as opportunity may serve, ever flying before the face and returning behind the back of the owner whom they live by injuring? Their likeness, methinks, is multiplied around us in the shabby shrinking figures who hang about quiet corners, or noiselessly creep down our area steps. Slipping in through back doors, with the shallow feint of samples of lace or firewood to sell, they inveigle coins from deluded maids by descriptions of "the handsome dark (or fair) gentleman" predicted by greasy cards as future conquests of these credulous damsels; and, worse still, excite the dormant passions of greed and gambling in the minds of young serving-men, by "straight tips" for races and sharp expositions of the question of perquisites carried over the bounds of pilfering; till, scared for the nonce by the risk of detection, they beat a stealthy retreat, having given a poisonous bite to the tender plant, Innocence, or sometimes nearly stripped off the rugged bark, Honesty.

But what are the ill deeds of the conies compared to the devastations of the ravening "locusts (who) have no king, yet go they forth by bands" (I had nearly written *tribes*), as once long ago, in the avowed cause of the children of Israel, they went to devour "every herb of the land, all the fruit of the trees"? The stiff-necked short-sightedness of an obdurate monarch brought down this infliction (among others as grievous) upon his country and people, and deeply saddening is it in our day to witness how short-sighted follies and stiff-necked obduracies are working almost equal destruction upon so many grand old properties at the relentless bidding of those "that by usury and unjust gain increase their substance." Verily it is meet that "stripes be for the back of fools," but woe to "the inheritance of fathers" and the lowlier dwellers thereupon, who are given over to the swift, silent, and sure removers of the "ancient landmarks"; and out upon all those spoilers of the land, whether of our own or an alien race, who thrive and fatten by first pandering to the exigencies, and then ruinously discounting the miserable consequences of vice and imbecility!

Enough, however, of these unhallowed dealings, though we have not yet done with the wisdom of this world, for the modern incarnation of the type thus portrayed, "I wisdom dwell with subtilty and find out knowledge of witty inventions," has always seemed to me to have been made manifest in the person of Talleyrand, Prince of Beneventum, whose long-delayed memoirs have, on their tardy appearance, so severely

disappointed the expectation of everybody. What everybody thinks and decides must of necessity be right; doubtless therefore the expectation was reasonable and the disappointment legitimate; still, one can hardly help wondering if *any* memoirs will henceforward escape the like verdict, now that all matters are so thoroughly threshed out and all public men so minutely dissected beforehand. Individually, I must own to having been much struck by the finished style of all the—too brief—personal narrative, and a good deal impressed by the reflective touches interspersed throughout the first half of the first volume. It is only natural that the unfrocked priest, the unreliable, self-seeking statesman, and the over-astute diplomatist should not, even through the medium of his brilliant wit, have commended himself to the warm sympathy of either contemporaries or posterity, but is there not another and better side to the picture? Think of the underlying pathos in the uncomplaining simplicity with which he describes himself, left during the first years of infancy, a forlorn little fellow in the rough hands of a peasant nurse, crippled in body through her brutal neglect, and starved at heart by an almost equally brutal lack of parental care: remember, too, that the physical infirmity which resulted from the injuries then received and overlooked, was the cause of his being forced (as unfit for any other) into the ecclesiastical career from which he vainly shrank; and pause in at least momentary pity over his glowing account of the one being who came to rescue this unhappy little fledgling, the tender grandmamma who showed him affection, "the first I ever received, and who also," he observes, "first made me experience the happiness of loving." Truly his parents' ways were not the ways, at even that date, of English mothers with English children; but let us read a little further. "How often," he continues, "have I felt later with bitterness what must be the value of real family affection; when that affection is near at hand it is in all trials of life an immense consolation, while if it lies at a distance it gives repose to both mind and heart, and is a haven of refuge for restless thought." These are the words, you will observe, of one upon whom, at the age of eight, his father's eye had never rested, and who began his school course of hard study and self-rearing under the ban of the same undeserved and marked parental indifference (unsoftened even in his serious illness), by which, when twelve years old, he was keenly wounded. "I felt myself isolated, without support, always thrown back upon myself. Of this I do not now complain, for I think this inward return upon my own resources hastened into maturity

my strength of reflection." Incidentally he also mentions having been the only young man of his day, of good family, who in his whole life never enjoyed for one week the hospitality of his father's roof, and philosophises over the invaluable help afforded by an intrinsically good library to all the moods of a bruised young spirit. As we learn from these dispassionate statements how precociously his intellectual faculties were developed and intensified, at the cost, to a great extent, of his moral perceptions and principles, the marvel seems not so much that Talleyrand should have proved cynical, time-serving, and worldly, as that he should not have exhibited further blemishes in the guise of hardness, cruelty, and rapacity.

Of his pliant adaptability to whoever might be the ruler of his country, and whatever chanced to be the policy of that ruler, there is—or was when I visited it some twenty years ago—striking circumstantial evidence in his beautiful country house Valençay, where the square vestibule which gives access to the living rooms bears (*i.e.*, bore) on its walls four life-sized and full-length portraits of four different sovereigns of France, whom probably no other man in the world could have thus brought together even after death, each portrait bearing an inscription from the original to the final possessor thereof; there in a circumscribed space hung looking at one another Napoleon, Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe! Of these four successive and greatly differing monarchs there is no doubt that, in so far as he permitted himself to indulge in such personal likes or dislikes, with Napoleon he felt least, and with Louis XVIII. (as best fulfilling the regal traditions of his youth) most in active sympathy, though even to *his* courtier mind the boundless veneration with which that King regarded himself occasionally savoured of the grotesque. An extreme instance of this Talleyrand used to relate as follows:—On the night of the assassination of the Duc de Berri, the King, plunged in grief, sat (while the dying Prince lay struggling in his final agony, surrounded by the Duchesse and his attendants) waiting in an adjoining room for the summons to close the sufferer's eyes in death, according to the etiquette of the French Court in the case of the first Prince of the Blood Royal. The announcement to him of the supreme crisis devolved upon M. de Talleyrand as the head State official, and he accordingly approached the King at the right time with the words, "Sire, the moment has arrived for your Majesty to render his Royal Highness the last sad duties." "The last sad *attentions* (les derniers *soins*, M. le Grand)," corrected Louis XVIII., slowly

rising to lean heavily upon him, and unable, even in the freshness of his sorrow, to accept the idea of any Royal duties towards a subject, albeit a near relation.

Talleyrand's far-seeing remark about Thiers is almost too well known for reproduction, save as a proof of his acute diagnosis of character. During his last years someone arrived late to join the Valençay dinner circle, bringing with him from Paris the report of a remarkable speech just delivered by a young deputy named Thiers, who had greatly distinguished himself, "pour un parvenu." "M. Thiers n'est pas *parvenu*, il est *arrivé*," sharply replied Talleyrand, sounding the first blast of a trumpet that was destined to have one day prolonged echoes!

One more reminiscence may serve to show that at least towards his hour of sunset the Prince of Beneventum had taken to heart some few of the better lessons which old age and experience teach all who are willing to learn. A round game was being organised after dinner, by writing down questions on slips of paper to be filled up anonymously by the whole party, and read aloud that the several authorships might be guessed. The first question—"What is the object of life?"—received unanimous reply in "Happiness," but the crucial test was supposed to lie in question number two—"What is the secret of securing it?"—which caused deliberation. A young English matron, towards whom her host evinced unfailing kindness, ventured in her perplexity to consult him, as he sat apart resting, for an appropriate answer; "Le secret du Bonheur, chère Madame," he exclaimed quickly, "il n'en a qu'un, la Bienveillance!" Perhaps—who can tell?—in the day when all things are weighed in juster balances than ours, this kindly warning to a young untried spirit may count for something, and may even rank as the "word fitly spoken (that) is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

But let worldly wisdom and its votaries now fade from our thoughts, as in dwelling upon these passages, "In her tongue is the law of kindness," and "the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; she will do him good, not evil, all the days of her life," we realise the exquisite picture they bring before us of the exceptionally beautiful lives of two exceptionally beautiful women—Charlotte Viscountess (afterwards Countess) Canning, and Louisa Marchioness of Waterford. Seldom, indeed, has poor humanity been enriched by the acquisition of two such beings as these sisters, both embodiments of loveliness, talent, and purity. Of Lady Canning—my near relation by marriage, whom

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, in some admirable lines written after her death, has aptly called, "Woman in charms, in excellence a saint!"—I feel so little able to speak at all adequately that it seems only right to give in the language of others far better qualified to do so a summary, first of the estimation in which she was held in her own circle of family and friends, and next of the passionate admiration excited almost throughout India by her conduct at the side of her husband during that long tempestuous hour, the intense strain of which has, in this country, even yet scarcely been thoroughly grasped or appreciated. In the sorrowing but graphic words of a sister-in-law much older than herself, but bound to her by the strength of a nature that greatly concentrated its affections and by no means sowed praise broadcast:—

"Her character was not easy to read at first, for she *professed* little, and what she *performed* was mostly kept in the shade; one judged her chiefly from feeling her influence upon oneself. The storm that purifies, the flood that fertilises may be described, but who shall relate the dew of heaven! Her loveliness and rare accomplishments were appreciated by all who knew her, and her refinement of thought and feeling was reflected in her manner, so gentle and passive, yet so self-possessed and dignified. . . . To me, her intelligence was something very remarkable, it seemed as a gift to lead her straight to truth in all things. With the simplicity of a little child, she brought her mind to bear upon any subject she thought it right or useful to others she should understand, learning willingly any lesson that could be set before her. Patient, but not misled with misrepresentation, discerning, but not provoked with exaggeration, she could pick out any grain of truth that came within her reach, and strike her just average. She never seemed to think that she knew more or did more than others, but she always felt that there was work for her to do, and that she must seek out truth in order to do it well. She was a fit companion for my brother in their time of trial. Her calm and steady courage, her just perceptions of duty, her patient sweetness under abuse or calumny, must have greatly helped to keep him in that frame of mind so essential to bear him through their prolonged agony of peril. Probably no one will ever quite know all that was done and endured during that time; her letters speak very little of herself, and her love of accuracy alone sometimes leads her to show how she felt and laboured. . . . She was a staff to lean upon to all who came within the range of her affections; she never changed, she never hardened. . . . In all my intercourse with her I never had a cold look or a peevish word. . . . Her beautiful character developed as she advanced in years and experience, but it never altered, the germ of everything excellent was always there; if anyone was ever born good, she was, and I can scarcely think of her even *now* but as I always knew her."

This may sound like the partial judgment of close relationship, but the testimony (among many others) of the late Sir Bartle Frere as to

her career in India is, if possible, even stronger. Writing from that country very shortly after her decease he says :—

"Even you who knew her so well can have little idea of the extent and kind of feeling caused among all ranks and classes by her death. . . . I had no notion what hold admiration and love for her had taken on the whole community. It was to be expected among those who had seen and spoken to her, or been influenced by the innumerable acts of kindness, which more than even the rare grace of her manner charmed all who came near, but the feeling of deep personal sorrow seems universal . . . and all, from the great public bodies of Calcutta down to the poor soldiers' wives in barracks, express in one way or another their heartfelt grief and deep sympathy with Lord Canning. Mainly this is no doubt due to a true sense of the beauty of her character, and to a feeling that none ever came nearer the perfect type of a noble English lady, so good and so brave, as well as so beautiful and all-accomplished ; but I have seen innumerable proofs of even a deeper and more powerful feeling which thus moves the heart of our people ; they look upon her as the one true heart that stood by Lord Canning in this country, and cheered him when all around seemed darkest, and when so many men who should have upheld and aided him were terror-stricken or maddened by revenge."

In looking back through the vista of thirty years, the mists of sadness which obscured vision at the moment are lifted, and one can but thankfully acknowledge the merciful dispensation which repaid this unwavering devotion by allowing her, ere the close of her short but grandly completed life, what Sir Bartle again most fitly calls "the unalloyed happiness of seeing justice gradually done to Lord Canning by his countrymen, while the natives look on him as their truest friend and benefactor."

This climax—to her of all the most blessed—attained, her work on earth was finished ; a few almost painless days of illness, during which her heart-stricken husband "nursed her with almost feminine tenderness," set in, at the end of which, "borne by no hired hands, but by a party of English soldiers for whose comfort she had done so much and who loved and revered her name, to a gun-carriage, and from that to her last resting-place," attended by no gaping crowd, and saved from all garish pomp, in the early hours of a lovely morning, "bright, clear, and still," Charlotte Canning was laid gently down "in a spot she would of all others have chosen," and bidden an earthly farewell by the husband whose arduous toils were also so nearly ended, and whose wounded spirit was in little more than six months set free for reunion Elsewhere.

In some of the letters of Lady Waterford, written in the first burst of grief at this time, it is characteristic to see both how she clings to the hope that her dearly loved sister was spared much consciousness of

either physical pain, or "the agony of feeling what this news would cost us all," and how firm is her conviction of the resigned fortitude with which in everything else that sister would, if conscious, have prepared to exchange her earthly for a Heavenly home; she dwells also wistfully upon the happiness of a life "that has known but one very near loss" (a father's) in an especially touching manner when one recalls how cruelly chequered by bereavements and isolations was her own career. To be denied the (ardently desired) blessings of maternity, to see a beloved husband in the prime of his days brought lifeless back to the threshold he had but just quitted, to learn with almost equal abruptness the death of an only sister at the precise epoch when a long and keenly felt separation seemed on the point of ending, might well have curdled the sweetness of a less essentially high principled nature. But that this was not so all who knew and loved her can bear witness; "the law of kindness" never faltered in her tongue, and it is perhaps only with the approach of old age that many of us grow to appreciate how excellent and how rare a thing is that unbroken law. Not that kindness, more particularly of an active kind, is unknown to or even uncommon in the present generations; but the good nature and generosity which prompt many a helpful deed are apt to prove intermittent or variable, as also too often not dissociated from a ready yielding to the impulses of hardness in speech. It is indeed strange to find with how many people a good deed seems more spontaneous than a kind word, and how little the habit of looking for the best, instead of the worst points in others, appears to be inculcated in youth, or practised in maturity. Not to everyone also, it must be admitted, is granted the power of almost unconsciously drawing out the better qualities of their companions; and this was to a remarkable degree an attribute of both Lady Waterford and her sister, although it may be doubted whether their unassuming natures were ever quite alive to the fact.

Any attempt to do justice here to the artistic talents of either sister would be presumptuous and futile. By those who have had the good fortune to see some of their works, these are not likely to be forgotten, and I rejoice to have very lately learnt that there is a prospect of this privilege being placed within reach of a larger number than have as yet enjoyed it, by the proximate arrangement of a semi-private exhibition which is in contemplation. To Lady Waterford her rare genius seems almost to have been apportioned as a consolation for the many bereavements already alluded to, which were crowned in 1867 by the

death of her last remaining very near blood relation, her mother, Lady Stuart de Rothesay—after which in her intense love and study of both nature and art, united to her unwearied ministrations among the poor and needy, she found the solace and chief objects of a solitary but immensely occupied existence, and her days, though not altogether free from harassing cares, sped their course in comparatively serene tranquillity. As the brain decay to which she ultimately succumbed (the foundation of which was believed to have been laid in a severe carriage accident soon after her marriage) crept slowly and painlessly on, effacing by degrees her powers of recollection, it never impaired her naturally sunny disposition, nor, as long as recognition continued, her consideration for dependents, much less her affectionate regard for the relations and friends still remaining and always knit to her in devoted attachment.

If the last years of Lady Canning may be compared to a stirring epic poem, elevated at moments into drama if not tragedy, those of Lady Waterford seem the beautiful embodiment of a pastoral idyll: her artistic conceptions stood by her longer than her memory, and continued almost to the end a source of fresh enjoyment and happiness, until at length, without leaving an enemy in the world, or a blot upon her fair record, she peacefully sank to her well earned rest, and her gentle eyes were closed upon the things of earth, to open again among the band of loved ones awaiting her above.

In lingering yet a moment over the recollection of two sisters, whose exact like we can scarcely hope to look upon again in our day, it is curious to reflect what strongly marked points of contrast from, as well as harmony with, each other they presented. Even their beauty, though both "divinely tall and most divinely fair," differed essentially in type, the one excelling in delicacy of feature and richness of colouring, the other in classical perfection of outline. Their artistic talent also found quite dissimilar forms of expression, and even in literature their judgment and preferences did not in all respects correspond. But they were unalterably one in affection, in simple directness, in absolute truthfulness, and in the deepest all-pervading piety. Religion was not to them a part of their life, it was the breath of their nostrils, the vitalising motive-power of their being, and in the completed story of their unspotted lives we reverently feel and acknowledge that "the path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the Perfect Day."

E. C. CORK.

WANTED—A NEW PARTY.

ONE result of the numerous Reform Bills passed for the benefit of the People is to place them in immediate relation with their rulers. Time was, and that not long ago, when we of the multitude seldom came face to face with the great gentlemen who sit in Cabinets. They rarely condescended to address us from public platforms, as ordinary members of Parliament felt bound to do, and never dreamed of appealing to our intelligence in a letter to the newspapers or an article in a Review. But with the gradual extension of the franchise their habits changed; and since the time when enfranchisement went so far as to confer all political power on "the masses" we have had no reason to complain of being kept at a distance by our most popular statesmen. They stoop to us, one and all. Here and there a prejudice lingers, and is even allowed to operate against familiarity with mob meetings; but yet we know how true it is that Parliament itself no longer stands between the people and its rulers.

Everywhere this is regarded as one of the greatest benefits of the democratic system of government; and so, perhaps, it would be but for a flaw which always exists and is not always detected. Although under that system the people are brought into immediate relation with the men who govern them by turns, they learn no more of what those gentlemen think, they share no more in what those gentlemen know, than if there had never been a Reform Bill of 1832. It is not every day that the whole truth about public affairs is told in Parliament; but from the platform none but half-truths are ever heard. The more any community is democratised, the more is it in peril of being stuffed with lies; and England must not hope to escape the common danger. Though her public men are among the most honest of their kind, the Party system spoils them deplorably. To play the party game it is thought quite fair to use the same liberties that are allowed in diplomacy; and politicians who are the best of men hold that it will not do to speak frankly with the public at home any more than with the foreigner. Both have to be

deceived. There are occasions when both have to be fed with half-truths of the worst description. That is certainly the case in our own land of freedom, where there would be a good deal of astonishment if the party leaders on both sides were to cease their platform cant to-day and say openly what they think of the whole drift of public affairs. For what they do think is not unknown. It is to the credit of English statesmen that the duplicity they feel compelled to practise on "the masses" never becomes ingrained, but is put off and on like the workman's blouse. Within their own wide circle of acquaintanceship they take no pains to disguise their real views on any matter of common interest, or to conceal opinions which wild horses could not drag from them in Parliament or on the platform.

A good example of this dishonesty—for dishonesty we must call it, though we may equally allow it to be forced, obligatory, an unavoidable condition of professional politics under a system like our own—was remarked upon the other day, when a certain writer averred that Mr. Gladstone would not have resumed official leadership of the Liberal party in 1880 if the wishes of the topmost men of that party had been law. They knew they could not prevent his taking his old place as Prime Minister if that was his desire—knew that it would not do to attempt to hold him back; yet, at the same time, the opinion of the highest and most trusted of the then Liberal leaders was that Mr. Gladstone at the head of affairs would be bad for the country, and, in all likelihood, destructive for his party a second time. Of course this opinion could not have been known without utterance of it. In point of fact it was freely uttered by more mouths than one or two or three, but not upon any platform or in the hearing of "the country." There the tale that was told by the same leaders of the people ran to very different effect. Had the monster meetings of the period been held in Palaces of Truth, Lord A. and Lord B. and Mr. C. and Mr. D. would have told their fellow-countrymen that, although Mr. Gladstone was a man of wonderful character and extraordinary genius, he would be much more useful at home than at Whitehall. But monster meetings are not held in Palaces of Truth. No warning of that kind was ever whispered. On the contrary, the Liberal leaders nearest to Mr. Gladstone, and on that account more apprehensive than other men that he would do the mischief which he actually did (as by the breaking up of his party in 1886), vowed on half-a-hundred platforms that a nobler, wiser, more judicious statesman never lived. Such are the

obligations imposed on honest men by political partnerships, and such the concealment and deceit which a country has to endure under democratic forms of government.

The instance above cited is a striking one, and abounding in material for thought. But worse concealments and more deplorable deceits are being practised on the people at this hour, and on both sides alike.

Here, on the one hand, we have a certain number of eminent men who stand for that party in the State which is called Conservative: here, on the other, an equally small company which captains the party called Liberal. On both sides there are men who, whatever they may be in Parliament or on the platform, are wise enough in their closets and frank enough amongst men of their own stamp. There are differences between them, of course; but mainly differences of temperament. The one would never voluntarily enter upon any changes in social economy and the social *régime* that are not warranted by experience. Give the other a well-formed theory, and it has less objection to put it to experiment, even though it touch the foundations of the social system. I say "less objection"—not "no objection"; a distinction necessary to be observed, because the number of experimental changes which true statesmanship of any creed assents to with alacrity is very small indeed. The Conservatism of to-day is flexible, the Liberalism of to-day is much "advanced"; but yet there is not a single statesmanlike personage on either side who believes that you can safely take down and reconstruct any portion of the social fabric in an old country like ours.

But that is not enough to say. The truth is that the superior men of both parties meet in agreement at comparatively shallow depths. Much more than their public performances attest (for their business with the people is not to teach but to humour), they are men of knowledge, thought, judgment; and therefore, ranging as they do in the same fields of study, they come to common conclusions at a much nearer point than their partisans imagine. When they talk together in that large freedom of intercourse which is the worthiest characteristic of political life in England, the bystander soon discovers that there is no difference whatever between them in fundamentals. Even when they rise above fundamentals they agree so nearly that any small, caucus-bred politician would be amazed to hear them; and as almost all the great questions of the day are deep questions, having to do with the very elements of social stability, it follows that the better intellects of both parties agree more closely just now than usual.

But they keep this agreement to themselves, together with the opinions in which they agree. Our political machinery being what it is, it suits the great men of neither party to do what should be their first duty to their followers—telling them what they really think of the newest projects for the extension of liberty, equality, fraternity, and prosperity in Great Britain. The inference from what they do say or leave unsaid in public about those projects is that they either accord to them a positive approval or truly believe that they may be hopefully tried. But whosoever relies upon that inference may be assured that he is under a delusion. There is no question of what the most capable and most honoured guides of the people would say to them if they spoke with perfect sincerity and candour. It would immediately appear that all alike, Liberals and Conservatives, share the doubts and apprehensions which I have attributed to their common-sense. However strong their sympathy with Socialist aims, they would not counsel the adoption of any one of the measures which are to transform the functions of the State and begin a reconstruction of our social and economic system. Some they would call doubtful, others perilous, and condemned beforehand by all that is known of social principles and the determining laws of human nature. It is not my business here to say whether they would be right or wrong. My only assertion is that if there were an honest delivery of mind from the high places of political thought, the people would hear from both sides what I have just set down. And when our candid instructors had finished with these matters they would warn the country that there can be no stronger sign of national degradation, no surer portent of national misfortune, than when rival parties sink their opinions and beliefs in favour of any that seem popular, and bid against each other with these on Dutch auction principles.

That is precisely what the two great parties in the State are doing now, of course; but not conscientiously. The best among them, at any rate, know the wrong of it, and, we must presume, feel the humiliation it is to themselves and the perilous deceits which the game imposes on the nation. But both have slipped into it so far that there is no retreat for either. No doubt they would tell us that they have no choice; that they are compelled by the strength of a "popular current" to give way and help it on, without daring to say where and to what they think it is running. An odd exhibition of leadership, a strange vindication of statesmanship, if it were so; but that is not the truth of the

matter. Trace out the submission of both parties to a popular current which has other currents to oppose it; follow to its source the determination of party leaders to bid against each other as believers in what they gravely doubt, and we shall find much less of compulsion than they choose to allege. In order to effect a final settlement of Irish affairs by establishing Home Rule (says the one party) it is necessary to gain votes by any means. Says the other, In order to avert disintegration of the Empire by finally rejecting Home Rule, votes must be got at any price. From this it would appear that, in the deliberate judgment of the sages of the State, the presence or the absence of "a Parliament on College Green" is a matter of more importance than whether the whole social and commercial system of Great Britain shall be invaded by changes which it is only *hoped* will not lead to its destruction—only hoped by these gentlemen themselves, I mean. But is it credible that they should really think themselves justified in wagering the stability and prosperity of the country over this wretched Home Rule conflict? No. The truth is that the struggle for power in which a few party leaders rake for support anywhere has become intensely personal. It is with them as with enraged litigants, who will hazard anything not to be beaten.

What is his whole past life of labours and honours to Mr. Gladstone if he is to see himself smashed a second time, irrecoverably smashed, over his grand concluding project of Home Rule for Ireland? On the other hand, what is to become of Mr. Chamberlain should the Gladstonian Radicals triumph who loathe him? These are weighty questions for both, and these two men are everything. By the influence of the one in the country, through the ascendency of the other over the Cabinet, they are in the forefront of the struggle and determine its conditions. And it is to both a struggle of personal pride, passion, interest, beyond everything known in this country for an age. The madness of the cockpit is in either. Not that an intensely personal interest in the outcome of the next election is peculiar to one or two men. It extends far on both sides; one reason for which is the exchange of debate in Parliament for "slanging matches" on the platform. As I remember saying some years ago, when the practice was less bold than it has since become, one effect of resort to the platform is that party conflict degenerates more and more into personal conflict. Pugilism takes the place of politics, with occasional "use of the knife." Leading statesmen stab at each other with gibe and sneer in the public street, intending

grievous personal harm. Here a nose is slit; there an ear is cropt in retaliation; with such effects upon temper that the factionists are doubly strengthened in the resolve to "crush" their opponents in the long run at any cost. Who have votes to sell? Teetotallers? Disestablishers? Women Suffragers? Persons who long to be Dracos in their respective parishes? Associations for sharing the property of Churchmen, of landowners, of leaseholders, of fundholders, of municipal corporations? Tenants who wish to get their land at half-price? Labourers and rural shopkeepers who would like to have a go at farming with money not their own? Workmen who desire the State to regulate wages by increasing them? Irish malcontents who, if they cannot get Home Rule under that name, will take it under an alias? Who—*who* have votes to sell? The market is open, and the two great parties are bidding against each other for all they can get by any possible sacrifice.

This being our unhappy case between these raging factions, I see no help but through the formation of a New Party. It will be done sooner or later, but it should be done now. The constituents of such a party exist in hundreds of thousands all the country over—masterless men of all ranks who long for the leadership they have lost. They comprise all who are not in the bondage of caucus-management, and are clearly or dimly aware of the following facts:—

1. The time when parties were mainly divided by differences of opinion as to the machinery of government—the franchise and the like—is past. It ended with the deposition of power in the hands of "the masses"; and thenceforth all domestic politics were brought under the head of "How shall the power be used?"

2. Whether it be true or not that in former periods "the classes" legislated for their own benefit, regardless of the rest, it is obvious that "the masses" mean to use their predominant power with that intent. It was foreseen that they would, it is natural they should, and they propose to do it.

3. It is a just assumption that when any part of a community forces legislation for its own benefit, regardless of the rest, great wrong may be done. The common-sense of justice may be debauched to general injury, and the nation may suffer throughout its whole economy—social, commercial, &c., &c. Nor does the fact that this has been done in one way make it right to be done again in another way.

4. Therefore it is in the highest degree necessary for the welfare of

the nation at this turn of affairs that those who have authority in it, the men to whom it listens with most respect, should neither by concealing their opinions nor feigning new ones countenance legislation of the spoils-to-the-conqueror description. It is their duty now as ever it was —no less, no more—to do all that safely can be done to prosper the masses; but not to favour law-making experiments which are discordant with common honesty, which are not sure to benefit the masses even for a time, and are likely to bring on a train of general trouble: for such experiments are as the letting in of waters—not easily reversed.

5. Yet, with these considerations before their eyes, the half-dozen men who determine the course of party conduct resolve to neglect them. The disruptions of 1886, the dissension and recrimination, the personal jealousies, hatreds, and obstinacies then and since engendered, flower in a common desire with which right statesmanship and the continuous good of the country have little to do. The desire is to "smash" each the other group of eminent statesmen when the next elections come off. With that grand object in view, the rival groups sink their better judgment, affect in public opinions which they feel to be dangerous: and, for the sake of gaining "labour votes" or "rural votes," are ready to smile upon any use of their power which the masses choose to put it to.

6. As a consequence of this unfortunate competition, all the steady Liberalism, all the sober Conservatism of the country is thrust aside. Its common-sense goes to the wall. It is under no leadership, no organisation; all that sort of thing is withdrawn from it by the statesmen of the day.

How great is the number of Englishmen who recognise and deplore these facts cannot be known; for, like the mass of men in provincial France at the time of the great Revolution, they have no voice and make no sign. But from the nature of things they must be a very considerable body, and it will be an enormous misfortune if they do not make themselves felt very soon. The revolutionary experimentalists in the nation are treated as if they were the majority, which they are not. They would be fewer than they are if the more trusted intellects on both sides of the House would only be true to their duty and say in public what they think in private. But since our patriot statesmen decline that duty, deeming it better business to smile and smile on projects they distrust and schemes they don't believe in, Social Revolution flourishes accordingly. And it can be shown in a minute that, unless some check is

speedily put upon it or its reckless cultivators, both may be running to extremes in less than a year from the present time. The bidding for votes is not over yet. The day when they will be wanted for use is very near. As that day approaches, the bidding is sure to be carried higher; and what are we to expect when our professional politicians confront each other in the new Parliament? After a fierce and passionate struggle, they will find that neither party has had much the best of it. That is the present expectation, at any rate. It is agreed on all hands that whichever party wins it will not be a large majority; and it is equally agreed that a small majority is of no use nowadays. Mr. Chamberlain is the ruling spirit on the one side (there should be no mistake about that), Mr. Gladstone on the other. Place these men in opposition next year with a majority of only twenty or thirty between the new Parliament and another "appeal to the nation," and what will the bidding for votes be then? I ask my reader to dwell upon that question for five minutes if he has never done so before. At the end of that time he will probably decide that everything would be conceded within a few weeks that any considerable body of social revolutionists could demand.

This is the actual prospect. This will probably happen; and if it does happen the country will be hurried in no time into a state of things from which recovery will be nearly hopeless. That is why I say that if anything is to be done to put this atrocious vote-mongering under restraint it must be done soon; and the only way to do it (though that may seem hopeless too) is by forming a New Party out of the very great number of Liberals and Conservatives who have lost all leadership and all effective representation. Let us add one more to the innumerable "faddist" companionships: our fad being a particular and determined hostility to the traffic in political principle *as* a traffic, and a teetotal resolve to vote for no man and no faction that is ready to subject the body politic to Socialist vivisection. There are those who still insist (it suits the party game so well to do so) that Home Rule is the great question of the time. That it is not. Party rivalries have given us another and a far more momentous one. The great question of the time is whether, the masses having a preponderance of power in the State, and being determined to use it for their own particular benefit, these platform heroes of ours shall continue unchecked to buy votes from the poor by flattering a half-formed belief that property is robbery. Such notions cannot be encouraged without enormous danger to the whole moral sense of the people; they cannot prevail without ruining the entire community,

masses and all; yet the authorised chiefs of parties, with their wretched little spites and prize-ring contentions, are eagerly bidding for favour by embodying property-is-robbery ideas in legislation. How far are they to be allowed to go on with the business unhindered? *That* is the great question of the hour. It is a question which all sound Liberals and Conservatives should take to heart immediately; and since their leaders have deserted them for the business aforesaid, they cannot do better than make opposition to such fatal tactics the first, second, and third article of their political creed—determining their votes by it just as the Temperance man will have a Local Option representative or none. It is no trifling matter. Home Rule has not a tithe of its importance. It immediately touches the morality, the prosperity, the social peace of the three kingdoms. And all this while the "masses" are willing to be taught that Socialistic nostrums are as bad for them as for the classes: we had an example of it the other day. When the Eight Hours movement was running to formidable lengths, Mr. Morley had the courage to tell his working-men friends that it would not do. It would fetter personal liberty; it was not likely to prosper labour; and it should have no help from him. His working-men friends took that declaration to heart, and there has been less animation in the Eight Hours movement ever since. So it would be, no doubt, with broader matters of principle, expounded and enforced in like manner.

But how is a New Party to be formed to oppose Experimental Jacobinism in all its branches, and its sincere and insincere supporters of all denominations? It is no easy matter, spite of the great number of substantial men who are ready to come into such a party now, and the greater number that will see the use of it from the "developments" of the next General Election. A Man is wanted; which leads straight to the reflection that if Lord Randolph Churchill had been gifted with some steadiness, some consistency, what a chance would lie before him now! For one, I am to this day in unfeigned ignorance of what Tory Democracy means; but I do not remember that it was ever accused of including robbery amongst democratic privileges, and perhaps there is no reason why its godfather should not enter upon a new course, which, followed with the industry, ingenuity, daring, and eloquence of his earlier day, would soon place him at the head of a distinct party as powerful as that which Mr. Disraeli led during a large part of his career.

But though the sobriety and common-sense of the country may find

no leadership for a time, they are not powerless. They, too, have votes; and their votes would take extraordinary value were it understood that they might be used without regard to the cajolery that whispers, "But unless you vote for us, who never proposed to adulterate law and justice by more than 40 per cent., you will let in those others who are pledged to as much as 70." Indeed, it is time to confront that argument with a little courageous honesty. It has served political cowardice and dishonesty long enough; and, obviously, as long as it prevails, as long as party leaders can hug themselves in a chuckling confidence that, "after all," their followers will not turn them out to bring their opponents in, there can be no restraint upon a traffic in principles that has been carried much too far already. Votes are votes; and if only our managers and wirepullers can be made to understand that they cannot sell us and have our suffrages too, there will be less bargaining and more loyalty. Unless they are made to understand it in one way or another, we who are Liberals of the sound old faith, or sober Conservatives of the kindlier sort, may resign all hope of regaining our lost influence in the conduct of affairs. It may be restored, indeed, when reaction follows upon enormous ill, but not till the mischief has entered at every man's door. No body of opinion in the State has a greater right of self-assertion than another; and we are not a handful, but, taken altogether and in all classes, a vast proportion of the people. We should now assert ourselves for what we are—a distinct though leaderless party; and do our best to remedy the fact that we have no representation either where Mr. Gladstone leads on the one hand, or where Mr. Chamberlain luxuriates on the other.

No doubt the name "Tory" has been claimed for the Cabinet more than once of late, and, in all likelihood, parade of the name will become frequent as the time for the General Election draws nigh. But the so-called "Liberal" Unionists protest against that description as erroneous, and as unfair to themselves; and they are right. If the Government went to work, I do not say on Conservative principles, but on the lines of a steady, generous Liberalism, we of the Left Centre would still have a voice in affairs; but it does nothing of the kind. Mr. Chamberlain has told us the truth in that matter over and over again, and in the most public and emphatic manner. Call it what you like, he says, it is in every act and deed a Radical Government; an Advanced Radical Government; and of course it is Mr. Chamberlain's business to make it more so. Day by day he is drawing the members

of that Government into positions so compromising that their poor Toryism, their poor Liberalism, their poor principles of wisdom and moderation, will be utterly paralysed by the time they are driven to the Opposition benches, which (spite of his judicious coaching of the Government) he thinks their immediate destination. But whether they are doomed to sit there in the dumb-foundered condition of disputants who can be met at every turn with "you have conceded the principle," or whether they be retained in office on what will be called the strength of Mr. Chamberlain's following, our case will be unaltered. The conservative forces of the country, all that is needed to repel revolutionary invasion at a time when Anarchy sails boldly up in the wake of its pilot the New Radicalism, will remain leaderless and effortless. That at any rate will be their condition unless they assert themselves, shake themselves free of cajolery and betrayal, and go to work as a separate, independent, resolute party. They should be all the more encouraged to do this because, as I said at starting, the better order of English statesmen no more believe in the nostrums they are willing to try on the public than Mr. Gladstone's colleagues believed him a safe Minister while they praised him as incomparably wise. On what is called the "Unionist" side, indeed, they hardly dare to affect a belief in what, nevertheless, they hope to make popular delusions. Both Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour have declared as plainly as circumstances permit that they expect nothing but disappointment from their own Small Holdings Bill; a measure which cannot fail without adding to the poverty and increasing the discontent of the classes invited to try their luck with it! Surely our leaders would themselves thank us if, even with stripes, we chased them out of a statesmanship so ignominious as that.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

A NOTE ON THE CENSORSHIP.

"IT is strange," says the *Daily Telegraph* of March 18th, "that at the very moment when the liberal section of art-loving France has decided, in the higher interests of dramatic art, to retain the guiding power of the Censorship, a fresh stir should be made in our own country to abolish the authority vested in the Lord Chamberlain, and exercised for many years by his subordinate, known as the Examiner of Stage Plays, with so little friction and with such consummate tact and good taste." Strange? Where lies the strangeness? As well find it "strange" that there should still be opponents of capital punishment in England "at the very moment" when Switzerland has re-established the guillotine. What is indeed strange—and even incredible to people who have not realised our national genius for inconsistency—is that in nineteenth-century England there should survive, in full working order, a portion of that Royal prerogative which was thought to have been wrested two centuries ago from the clutch of the Stuart kings. Other portions of it survive as constitutional fictions, this as an unconstitutional fact. True, it has statutory sanction in an Act (10 Geo. II., c. 19), huddled through a venal Parliament for the purpose of suppressing stage satire on Parliamentary venality. But Walpole's Act simply revived and consecrated to the uses of the Ministry an obsolete and half-forgotten autocracy which had been vested since the Tudor days in the Master of his Majesty's Revels. Autocracy I say advisedly; the Examiner of Plays is the one autocrat in the three kingdoms. He has absolute power, without restriction, without appeal, to destroy the property, and in some sense to damage the reputation, of a certain class of his fellow citizens. What Lord Chesterfield said in opposing Walpole's Act of 1737 remains incontrovertibly true to this day:—"A power lodged in the hands of a single man, to judge and determine without limitation, control, or appeal, is a sort of power unknown to our laws, and inconsistent with our constitution; it is a higher and more absolute

power than we trust even to the king himself." Our "Examiner" is far more autocratic than the French Censors, from whom there lies an appeal to the Minister and ultimately, of course, to the Chamber. Here, the Censor is an officer of her Majesty's household, responsible to no one. He has above him a functionary known as the Comptroller, above whom, again, comes the Lord Chamberlain. But there is no effective appeal to these principalities and powers. They are not bound to—and, as a matter of fact, they do not—take cognisance of protests. They are there simply to enforce the Censor's "recommendations." In short, they are three persons and one Censor. In another and still more important respect the French Censorship is entirely different from ours. Its functions are almost exclusively political. I presume that in morals it draws the line somewhere, but really it is hard to say where. It is one of the safeguards—perhaps a necessary one—of an unstable Government. To adapt a maxim of Mr. Gilbert's Sergeant of Police:—

"When you're threatened with emeuts,
And your heart is in your boots,
There's nothing pulls you through
Like the Censor's pencil blue."

But the English Government is not threatened with "emeuts," at least on the theatrical side. We have plenty of safety-valves for political feeling without making the theatre serve in that capacity. No Censor is needed to keep our stage free from party politics; for the average audience is exceedingly quick—absurdly quick in my opinion—to resent any political allusion more pointed than the brainless banalities of the "topical" ditty. I do not pretend to have studied the question from the French point of view; but the circumstances and functions of the two offices are so obviously different that there would be no necessary inconsistency in warmly supporting the Censorship in France while vehemently opposing it in England. Therefore I ask again, Where lies the strangeness in the fact that the French Censorship should have taken a new lease of life at the very moment when the English Censor, by an unusually flagrant blunder, has called renewed attention to the futility and vexatiousness of his office?

The current arguments in favour of the Censorship come under three heads. It is alleged, in the first place, that if the Censorship were abolished the stage would become licentious; in the second place, that the Censorship protects the stage from tyrannical meddling on the part of Puritanism and Bumbledom; in the third place, that the present

Censor is an exceedingly amiable man. Let us examine these three lines of argument in the order stated.

We are told that the abolition of the Censorship would be the signal for an outburst of purely pornographic representations which would have to be suppressed by the police. The name of a certain Chirac is freely quoted, a scoundrel who, with scarcely a pretence of artistic motive, sought to make money by the exhibition of crude indecencies. But where did this Chirac appear? In America? in Holland? in Scandinavia?—countries where Censorship in unknown? No, in these countries we hear nothing of indecent representations. It was precisely in France—Censor-shielded France—that the police, not the Censors, swooped down upon Monsieur Chirac. And it is at this moment the police, not the Censor, who hold our English Chiracs in check. On the stage, as in the streets, public decency is in the charge of the police. If an English Chirac thinks it worth while, there is nothing in the world to prevent him from taking a hall to-morrow, fitting up a stage, and giving a loathsome exhibition. It is not the Censor any more than the Emperor of China who holds him in awe. He does not do so simply because the game is not worth the candle—because he knows that he would incur a police prosecution and a handsome term of imprisonment. Chirac, then, may be left out of the question. If we are in danger from him at all the danger remains the same, Censor or no Censor. As to the regular stage, again, the threat of an efflorescence of indecency is the emptiest bugbear. In the direction of frivolity, the stage is at this moment practically restrained by public feeling alone. The Censor permits playwrights and managers to go just as far as they can go without alienating the average audience. There are theatres—not the least prosperous, and certainly not the least fashionable—at which the audiences positively demand a certain measure of cynical indelicacy, and the managers, with the full countenance of the Censor, see that they get it. The limit is set, not by the Censor, but by the sense of decency, lax and perverted though it be, of the audience. One step further, and they would have to throw off the last shred of hypocrisy, and take the plunge into sheer shamelessness. This an English audience, even a "smart" and sporting audience, will not do, Censor or no Censor. "All that that high-minded official has insisted on," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "is that authors should remember that they are not talking in a club smoking-room, or at a dinner-table after the ladies have left, but are addressing an audience of men and women whose views on good taste

should be respected." As one reads this sentence, and remembers the scarcely-veiled ribaldries which our high-minded official licenses every month of the year in bland unconsciousness, one speculates in amazement on the sort of conversation which must follow the departure of the "ladies" at the dinner-tables frequented by this leader-writer. He surely cannot have taken counsel with the dramatic critic of the same paper who, on December 19th, 1890, wrote as follows :—

"*Jane* is a capital farce. . . . Laughter followed every movement, every situation, every scene, each quip and crank and risky flash of dialogue, and the geniality of the reception within contrasted pleasantly with the biting and bitter cold without. . . . It does not really matter where *Jane* comes from. . . . She has been dressed up smart and up to date. . . . She is a winking, winsome wench, and her conversation and suggestive allusions are just sufficiently *fin de siècle* to please the most *blasé* in the modern audience. 'I should like to enjoy myself to-night,' says Mr. Kemble, with a broad oleaginous chuckle. . . . The dim suggestion of the Alhambra and the Empire makes the old man beam as he repeats 'I should like to enjoy myself to-night.' That is enough for Miss Lottie Venne, who, in her archest manner, addresses the servant: 'William, the tart to Mr. Kershaw!'* Whereat the audience bursts out into a fit of immoderate laughter. There are innumerable sallies of the same kind, containing dim and distant allusions to concealed marriages and premature babies. . . . Conceive the piteous position of the real husband as he sees his young bride embraced by her master, and a child forced upon the young woman who was only 'spliced' that morning. . . . The public will be a long time before they give even a month's warning to *Jane*."

The writer of these lines has assured us that they are "obviously sarcastic" and imply disapproval of what he calls *fin de siècle* allusions. I think he has been remarkably successful in dissembling his righteous indignation ; his sneer is perilously like a chuckle. But the weight of his testimony does not depend upon its tone, and nothing can be clearer than his assertion that this play—and it is only one of a hundred just as *fin de siècle*—abounded in such "dim suggestions" and "winking winsomenesses" as one would fain believe to be uncommon even at "dinner-tables after the ladies have left." The leader-writer ought really to have acquainted himself with the facts, as they were available to all the world in the columns of his own organ, before putting forward so naïve a proposition as that the Censor secures any approach to good taste in the lighter drama of the day. I do not lay this to the charge of the high-minded official. Perhaps he is too high-minded, not sufficiently *fin de siècle*, to

* Unless I am very much mistaken, this classic phrase is here misquoted. The authors put it even more wittily—"William! *a* tart *for* Mr. Kershaw."

grasp the meaning of a great deal that he passes; and, at any rate, he cannot prevent a comedian—or comedienne—from putting the vilest meaning into words which, as they stand on paper, seem merely meaningless. That can be prevented only by the intervention of the one true censor who is always on the spot—the censor whose functions no Act of Parliament can effectively transfer to any official, however high-minded—to wit, the public.

This brings us to the second line of defence—the plea that the Censor protects the stage from officious and prurient busybodyism. It may readily be admitted that this is by far the strongest position of the Censorists. Puritanism, not licence, is unquestionably the real danger, and I should not be at all surprised if we had one day to pay for our long and lazy acquiescence in official usurpation of our inalienable duty. It is quite possible that when the public takes its conscience back into its own keeping, one section of it may seek to make up for past remissness by an outburst of narrow and hypocritical prudery. But of one thing we may be sure, namely, that the public as a whole will not long endure any sectarian and irrational interference with its amusements. The sense of novel responsibility may at first lead to one or two excesses; but I know of no reason for supposing that the British public will be any more ready than the American to permit itself to be permanently rough-ridden by officious Puritanism. At present the effective censorship is exercised only by the worse section of the public; in farce and burlesque managers cater, with the sanction of the Censor, for the "masher" and the demirep. Abolish the official censorship, and the better section of the public would find its voice. There would still be vulgarity for the vulgar, plenty and to spare; but there is a reasonable chance that the sheer, inept ribaldry-mongering of *fin de siècle* farce would be in some measure checked. And it is to be noted that the existing state of things invites the very interference of prurient busybodyism against which the Censor is supposed to protect us. The Censor's fiat constitutes no bar against either police interference or proceedings at common law. If the Social Purity party chose to form a Vigilance Committee to-morrow, it could make itself just as obnoxious as if there were no censorship in existence. It has not as yet turned its attention to the theatre; partly, perhaps, because it does not realise the futility of the censorship, but mainly because it is occupied with other matters. When it once understands the powerlessness of the most high-minded official, seated in his office at St. James's, to keep the stage "within the limits of becoming

mirth," it will take the matter in hand, and that, no doubt, "with a vengeance." The best, the only, safeguard against the tyranny of a sect is not the concentration of responsibility in one man, endowed with fictitious omniscience and omnipotence, but the diffusion of responsibility among the whole great class of theatre-goers on whom, in the last resort, it naturally and inevitably rests. The common-sense of all may be trusted to hold a fractious clique in awe, and to protect the stage at once from Puritanism and from Pelicanism.

The apologists of the censorship pursue a dangerous tack in dwelling—and this is their third stock argument—on the private virtues of the present holder of the office. He is a "gentleman and scholar," says his chosen champion in the *Daily Telegraph*, "trained in a liberal school of thought." He has exercised his authority for many years with "consummate tact and good taste," "wisely," "discreetly," in a "wholesome and friendly" spirit. In the recent case of *A Visit*, he "made generous efforts to secure a friendly feeling all round." "In his genial judgment," he "relegated his duties as Examiner to one of the leading literary directors" of the Independent Theatre. The task of "editing" the play "was cheerfully assumed" by Mr. George Moore; and then "the Examiner cheerfully accepted the play as corrected by Mr. George Moore." Altogether, there seems to have been a cheerfulness, a geniality, a generosity about the whole transaction which it would be ungenerous and ungenial not to appreciate. But would the author of the play, Herr Edward Brandes, have been equally cheerful if the Censor had acted upon his first "genial judgment" and declined to license *A Visit*, thus annihilating its commercial value, and stigmatising the writer, in the eyes of the English public and of his own countrymen, as a would-be vendor of immoral wares? And again, is Herr Brandes as cheerful as the Censor and Mr. George Moore are represented to be over the stultification of his purpose, the *im*moralisation of his theme, by a set of excisions which even the Censor's apologists have ridiculed as utterly foolish and uncalled-for? Mr. Clement Scott, who has been retained, along with the *Telegraph* leader-writer and the dramatic critic of *Truth*, for the defence of the censorship, has stated in the *Illustrated London News* that the Censor merely "ventured to suggest" these mutilations. Mr. Scott, unfortunately, wrote under a misapprehension. The Censor "ventured to suggest" the excisions very much as Cibber's Richard III. "ventured to suggest" the removal of Buckingham's head. It was a case of "Out with her excuses! So much for Florizel!" The excisions

must be accepted or the play must not be played. The only choice was between mutilation and annihilation. That is how irresponsible omnipotence enforces its "suggestions." At the same time, I am far from impugning the "geniality" and "generosity" and "kindliness" and "cheerfulness" on which the Censor's three champions dwell with such pleasing unanimity. No one doubts that the Censor has acted in this matter, and acts in all other matters, with the very best intentions according to his lights. No one denies that Mr. Edward F. S. Piggott is probably as good a man as could have been chosen for the post. Our case is that even this excellent man, this "gentleman and scholar," this epitome of all the personal and official virtues, has, "in his genial judgment," done far more harm than good to the drama; and furthermore that, as the Act of Parliament which makes him infallible cannot also make him immortal, we must be prepared to find ourselves, sooner or later, under the sway of an autocrat less genial, less generous, less kindly and cheerful than he. Surely *Truth*, the *Telegraph*, and even Mr. Clement Scott must recognise the danger of seeking to buttress up a permanent office with the personal virtues of its temporary occupant. The champions of the censorship should rather seek to prove that it is exercised under such safeguards as to call for no special and peculiar virtues on the part of any individual censor. This—and here lies the radical weakness of their position—they obviously cannot prove. In Mr. Edward F. S. Piggott we have, by the admission of all parties, as near an approach to perfect wisdom and perfect virtue as is humanly conceivable. If the office is to survive him, there may be, there must be, many worse censors in the future; there can be few better. Yet even this ideal Censor has done little or nothing to keep the stage free from frivolous and fetid indecency in farce and burlesque, while he has exercised a banefully repressive influence upon the higher drama. It follows, then, that there are but two courses open to us: either to secure an angel from Heaven as permanent incumbent of an office to which merely human wisdom and virtue are patently inadequate, or to place the office, if it must exist at all, on an entirely new footing.

"If it must exist at all," I say; for I do not see that the British stage stands in any greater need of official tutelage than that of America, Holland, or the Scandinavian Kingdoms, where censorship is unknown. I cannot too earnestly beg the reader to remember that if I put forward proposals for the reform of the censorship it is not because I have any doubt in my own mind that the one simple, rational, practical course

would be to abolish it altogether—to inflict on it the fate which it has now the power to inflict on any piece of dramatic literature which happens to clash with the tastes and prejudices of an official at St. James's—"la mort sans phrase." But one knows too well that the simple, rational, and practical course is not generally that which commends itself to the legislative wisdom of these realms. Logic is held in suspicion at St. Stephen's, as a sort of intellectual dynamite, and there can be no doubt that the most effective bulwark of the censorship is the logical cogency of the case against it. Therefore, I think it worth while to propose a compromise which shall not be open to the fatal charge of logicality. If we are not considered ripe for the freedom enjoyed, without any signal detriment to public or private morals, by our American cousins, let us try to correct what is, after all, the one fatal evil of the existing censorship—its power of absolutely crushing, annihilating, wiping out a work of art before it can properly be said to have come into existence. Let us substitute for this secret tribunal, from which there is no appeal, an open court, acting, like other departments of public authority, in the full light of day. There are two lines, as it seems to me, on either of which it would be possible to proceed. The Censor (as Mr. Shirley Brooks suggested before the Select Committee of 1866) might be converted into a sort of theatrical public prosecutor, empowered to suspend a representation, on the properly-authenticated complaint of a certain number of responsible persons, until its merits or demerits should be determined by a court or committee constituted to that end. Or (and this is perhaps a more practicable scheme), the author of any play vetoed by the Censor should have the right to give one performance of it before a court or committee, a board or jury (call it by whatever name you please), consisting of some six or eight men of established literary reputation, who should decide whether the play, or any part of it, was deleterious to public morals or otherwise unfit to be presented before a mixed audience. The Board of Appeal should, of course, be a permanent body, vacancies being filled up as they occurred. One half of its members might be nominated by Government, the other half elected by the dramatic authors themselves, a "dramatic author" being defined as any person who has had a certain number of acts—three or five—represented at a West End theatre.* To this scheme some minor objections

* This is, of course, a very rough and provisional definition of a dramatic author. The electoral qualification would have to be carefully considered.

have been alleged, in addition to the chief one, already granted, that it is an illogical compromise. It is said that the Board of Appeal would be a hotbed of favouritism and jobbery, and it is asked: "Who is to remunerate the 'men of established literary reputation' for their expenditure of time and thought?" As to jobbery, that is an evil which must be carefully guarded against in the constitution of this, as of every other public body. Human nature being human nature, it can scarcely be altogether eliminated, but it may easily be reduced to a negligible quantity. The remuneration difficulty is more apparent than real. Appeals, we may be sure, would not be frequent, for no one pretends that any very great number of plays is, directly or indirectly, suppressed by the Censor; and as the position of juror would be one of distinction and influence, I can quite well conceive that, even if it were entirely honorary, there would be no difficulty in securing the services of competent men. But if a certain fee were made payable for each attendance, the verdict should evidently carry costs. The two parties, author and censor, would each, practically, "back his opinion" to the amount of the jurors' fees. "But," it may further be objected, "how many authors would be in a position to avail themselves of what, even apart from the jurors' fees, must necessarily be a costly method of appeal?" The answer to this objection is simple—a play is generally rehearsed, and almost ready for production, before the Censor's veto falls upon it. In nine cases out of ten, it would be possible to give a very fair performance before the Board of Appeal—the scenery and dresses need not, of course, be fully elaborated—without a halfpenny of expense beyond what has been already and irrevocably incurred. Of course it is not implied that the official Board of Appeal should alone have access to the theatre. A performance before an audience of six or eight would be lugubrious indeed, and would handicap the author quite unfairly. There would no doubt be an invited audience, not very different in its composition from the ordinary first-night public of the stalls and circle. Thus the practical effect of the scheme would be to give the author an absolute right to one dress-rehearsal of his play before a special audience, with the further possibility of a reversal of the Censor's decree. If you ask whether this private performance should be open to discussion in the Press, I answer that that is a point on which, in the absence of a definite rule, an etiquette of convenience would probably establish itself. It might be a reasonable practice to abstain from comment until the Board of Appeal should have made known its decision (which it would probably do within twenty-four hours) and even then, if

the decision should be in the author's favour, to defer criticism until after the regular first night.

It is possible, though not very probable, that the Board of Appeal would make itself the humble servant of the Censor, and enforce his every decree. But even then an immense point would be gained: to every dramatic work would be secured, what is now denied it, the indefeasible *right to exist*. A play is not born, does not draw breath of life, until it is seen on the stage. In France it may achieve a sort of half-existence in book form; but here, where we have lost the habit of reading plays, even that half-life is practically denied it. The history of the Paris Théâtre Libre shows that to the true artist, the man who really has something to say in dramatic form, the prospect of a single performance, before an audience fit though few, is a sufficient inducement to the labour of composition. Only a small proportion of the works produced at the Théâtre Libre have been seen a second time; yet a score of authors have written, and continue to write, plays which even their severest critics admit to be full of thought and talent, because they know that M. Antoine's theatre at least secures them the *right to exist*. I am far from believing that the abolition or limitation of the Censorship would lead to such an efflorescence of dramatic literature in England as followed the establishment of the Théâtre Libre in France. We are, unhappily, altogether poorer than our neighbours in theatrical talent. But there is not the least doubt that the number of plays actually vetoed or mutilated at St. James's affords no just measure of the repressive influence of the Censorship. The very existence of the office in its present form is a perpetual menace to dramatists, either putting them altogether to silence or frightening them off any but perfectly "safe" themes; for who will spend a year of his life in the construction of a work of serious art which may be annihilated at a single stroke by a "genial" autocrat exercising his "wholesome and friendly" despotism somewhere in the purlieus of St. James's Palace? But deprive this autocrat of his autocracy, deny him the privilege of destroying without appeal the property of his fellow citizens, secure to every play the right of existence, if only for a single night, in its own proper element, and the case is entirely altered. The artist does not live by or for royalties alone. He will take the risk of losing his labour in a pecuniary sense, if only you leave him the joy of creation. But strangle his work at birth, or rather before birth, and what becomes of the joy of creation? He has endured all the pains, the agonies, only to see them result in a little heap of dead

manuscript, with which, if he be thrifty, he may just as well light his fire. His reputation, too, is in some measure tarnished, while he has no means of effectually stating his case or setting himself right with the public. He is simply the would-be vendor of immoral wares, which may be assumed to be more *fin de siècle* than *Jane*, more revolting than *Confusion;* for the public does not draw that distinction between serious art and ribald frivolity which the Censor is so careful to draw, greatly to the advantage of the latter. Under such conditions, how can we hope for a serious drama? Who will undertake the intense intellectual effort required in writing an original and unconventional play, with loss, annoyance, and humiliation staring him in the face? Imagine George Meredith or Thomas Hardy writing a novel with the terror of Mr. Edward F. S. Piggott for ever before his eyes, knowing that this genial gentleman might very probably annihilate, and would almost certainly mutilate, his work before it could reach the hands of the public. "But," you say, "our playwrights are not Mereditbs or Hardys." True; and they never will be while they have to cower under the blue pencil of an irresponsible Censorship.

The question of the Censorship is not at all bound up in that of "free trade in theatricals" at present under the consideration of a Select Committee of the House of Commons. The licensing authority of the Lord Chamberlain is quite distinct from his censorial functions, which could easily be suppressed without any further interference with the existing order of things. Let me, in conclusion, summarise as briefly as possible the case for the abolition or radical reform of the office. 1. In principle, it conflicts with the whole spirit of our institutions, placing in the hands of one man an unlimited and irresponsible power over the property and reputation of his fellow-citizens. 2. In practice, though administered for the moment with unquestioned zeal and integrity, it is found incapable of protecting the stage from ribald buffoonery, and at the same time fatally repressive to the higher development of dramatic art. If we can do no more, let us at least substitute an open tribunal for a secret despotism. But I see no reason to shrink from the total abolition of the office. The stage would then be controlled, so far as literature is concerned, by an alert and reasonable public opinion, and protected, in the case of non-literary representations, by the indefeasible right of the police (which is, censor or no censor, the ultimate safeguard) to proceed against infringements of public decency.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

THE ILLITERATE VOTER.

THERE has been of late a good deal of discussion as to the wisdom of retaining special provisions, inconsistent so far as they go with the secrecy of the ballot, for the voting of illiterate voters; but the report and proceedings of a Select Committee of the House of Commons which recommended the abolition of these provisions seems to have been forgotten. As I was chairman of the Committee I may perhaps be allowed to remind the public of the grounds upon which its report to the House of Commons was based. The Committee comprised among its members Mr. W. E. Forster, Sir John Holker, Mr. Villiers, the present Lord Ashbourne, Sir Henry James, Mr. Leatham, Sir John Gorst, Sir Matthew White Ridley, and many other distinguished members of the House; and it had two representatives of the Irish party in the persons of gentlemen one of whom was at that time, one of whom afterwards became, whip of the Irish party, and who had the confidence of their colleagues.

The Committee stated that all the town clerks, under-sheriffs, and election agents who had appeared as witnesses before it had been asked their opinion as to the special provision for illiterate voters; that all but two were against it and told the Committee that the provision could be used for the purpose of wilful delay. From two to five minutes were spent over each illiterate voter, and in some cases fifteen minutes had been thus consumed. One of the Irish members, Colonel Nolan, was called as a witness and stated that the special provision for illiterates might be used for discovering that men voted in accordance with promises already made, and used not only to delay voting but also to facilitate bribery and intimidation. Nearly all the witnesses agreed that the illiterate voters would be able to discover for themselves the order of the candidates' names. The only witness who expressed his satisfaction with the law as it stood and still stands was Mr. Hughes, then the Conservative agent for Greenwich and the City of London, and

now a member of the House. On this overwhelming evidence the Committee recommended that all special provisions for the assistance of illiterate voters should be abolished. The words recommending the abolition of the provision for the illiterate voter were not in the draft report prepared by me, which in every other point of importance was adopted. They were moved by Colonel Nolan, and carried by nine to six, but had I been obliged to vote I should have voted with the nine. Sir John Gorst voted in the minority. Mr. W. E. Forster, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Leatham, Sir Henry James, and the two Irish members voted in the majority with one other member who is dead and two others who have retired from Parliament.

Colonel Nolan's evidence turned almost entirely on the voting of the illiterates in Ireland, which was indeed the point upon which he had tendered himself as a witness. He said that in Ireland it was the general opinion amongst the voters that nearly everyone, if he wished, would be able to mark the paper without telling anyone which way he wished to vote. When I asked whether he meant that a man must be not only illiterate but also stupid if he could not mark his paper without the special provision, Colonel Nolan replied that he was quite sure of it. He told us that while a few of the Irish voters could not speak English, yet they were very intelligent, had a good deal to do in the way of buying and selling, and understood figures, and that there were very few of them who would not be able to mark the ballot papers in the same way as other voters. I pointed out to him that he was speaking of the voters on a high franchise, and that we had to consider the case not only of the county voters under the old franchise, but also of the borough voters in the poorest parts of the poorest towns under the present franchise. Colonel Nolan said that he thought they would be able to vote if the provision for illiterates was done away with. I then asked him whether it was on the whole his impression that the illiterate voters in general would be able to vote by their knowledge of the order of the candidates' names; and he said that he thought so, for he had had to teach uneducated men in the army things connected with numbers, and he found that there were very few men indeed who did not know one number from another, although there were many who could not read.

Any difficulty about doing away with the provision for the voting of illiterates at Parliamentary elections has greatly decreased since the time of our report, because by the Redistribution scheme of 1885 the counties

are all in single-member divisions, as are the great majority of the boroughs. Instead, therefore, of having commonly four and sometimes five or six candidates, among whom the illiterate had to hunt for his two men, we have now in nearly all cases of Parliamentary elections only two candidates, which greatly facilitates the process of selection. My own opinion before I went into the "proceedings on the consideration of the report" was against doing away with the special provision. I was completely converted by the evidence, and the modification of my view has been confirmed by all the considerable experience which I have had of elections as a candidate and as a presiding officer and counting agent since that date.

In addition to illiterates, Jews at Saturday polls, and persons blind or otherwise physically incapacitated, are entitled to have their votes marked for them. I have acted as presiding officer at a Saturday election in a district in which there were Jewish voters, several of whom recorded their votes, and none of whom made use of the provision. Since the extension of polling hours, I believe that strict Jews can vote after sunset without any breach of the Sabbath, and it is clear that the provision which relates to them is not much needed; but it would be idle to deny that a difficulty is caused by the fact that people without arms, paralysed people, and blind people must have their papers marked for them. If the difficulty were confined to these cases, strictly limited, it would not be great, for true blindness, paralysis, and loss of arms are not things easily simulated for the occasion, and the fact of their being simulated would be notorious. But there is a class of voters who present grave difficulty. They are those who, without being blind, have sight so bad that the better opinion is that they are entitled to have their papers marked for them on a verbal declaration of their wish to that effect. This class is not strictly limited, and not easily defined; and even if the special provision for the voting of illiterates were got rid of, there can be no doubt that where it has been used fraudulently considerable numbers of voters would be induced to describe themselves falsely or on insufficient grounds as so short-sighted as to be virtually blind. On the whole, however, I think it would be wise to run this risk. Even though this danger is a real one, it is less formidable than that to which we are exposed by wholesale fraudulently-open voting under the illiterate provision.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

MASHONALAND AND ITS INHABITANTS.

DURING the four months of our sojourn in what is now called Mashonaland, we had ample opportunity for studying the race which now inhabits it, as well as the ruins of a past civilisation, inasmuch as we employed over fifty of the natives during our excavations at the great Zimbabwe, and during our subsequent wanderings we had them as bearers, and we were brought into intimate relationship with most of their chiefs.

The proper name for this race, the name which they call themselves, is "Makalanga," or "children of the Sun"; they are a branch of the Abantu race, and three hundred years ago, when the Portuguese Father Dos Santos wrote, they were there then. He writes: "The Monomatapa and all his vassals are Mokarangas, a name which they have because they live in the land of Mokaranga, and talk the language called Mokaranga, which is the best and most polished of all Kaffir languages which I have seen in this Ethiopia." Couto and Father Torrend, in his late work on the Abantu languages, bear testimony to the same fact, and by changing *l* for *r*, as the Portuguese always do, you have the same name exactly. Mashona is a term unknown in the land, invented doubtless by some traders; by rights it is Makalangaland, and the inhabitants are undoubtedly the descendants of the rather fabulous, but apparently powerful people who formed the Empire of Monomatapa, which split up, like all Kaffir communities do after a generation or so, into a hopeless state of disintegration. Each petty chief still has his high-sounding dynastic name, like the Monomatapa or the Pharaoh of his day. Chibi, Umtegaize, Gambeedje, and countless lesser names, are as hereditary as the chiefdoms themselves, and each chief as he succeeds drops his own identity and takes the tribal appellative. Such, briefly, is the political aspect of the country we are about to enter.

This is a strange weird country to look upon, and, after the flat

monotony of Bechuanaland, a perfect Paradise. The granite hills are so oddly fantastic in their forms; the deep river-beds so richly luxuriant in their wealth of tropical vegetation; the great baobab trees, the elephants of the vegetable world, so antediluvian in their aspect; here one would never be surprised to come across the roc's egg of Sindbad, the golden valley of Rasselas; the dreams of the old Arabian story-tellers here seem to have a reality. It was immediately on crossing the Lundi river, the threshold of the country as it were, that we were introduced to the first of the long series of ancient ruins which formed the object of our quest. By diligent search amongst the gigantic remains at Zimbabwe we were able to re-people this country with a race highly civilised in far distant ages—a gold-seeking race, who occupied it like a garrison in the midst of an enemy's country. Surely Africa is a mysterious and awe-inspiring country, and now in the very heart of it we are able to find work for the archæologist, almost the very last person a few years ago who would dream of penetrating its unknown interior.

Our first real intercourse with the natives was at a lovely spot called Inyamanda, where we "outspanned" on a small plain surrounded by domed granite *kopjes*, near the summit of one of which is a cluster of villages. Here we unpacked our beads and our cloth, and commenced African trading in real earnest; what money we had we put away into our boxes, and never wanted it again during our stay in the country. The naked natives swarmed around us like flies, with grain, flour, sour milk, and honey, which commodities can be acquired for a few beads; but for a sheep they want a blanket, for meat is scarce enough and valuable amongst this much-raided people. We lost an ox here by one of the many sicknesses fatal to cattle in this region, and the natives hovered round him like vultures till the breath was out of his body; they then fell on him and tore him limb from limb, and commenced their detestable orgy. As one watched them eat, one could imagine that it is not so many generations since they emerged from a state of cannibalism.

We found it a tough climb to the villages through the luxuriant verdure of cactus-like euphorbia, indiarubber tree, the castor-oil, and acacia with lovely red pods. At an elevation of five hundred feet above our waggons were the mud huts of the people, and up here every night they drive their cattle into extraordinary rock stables for safety. Perched on the rocks are countless circular granaries, constructed of bright red

mud and thatched with grass. One would think that a good storm of wind would blow them all away, so frail do they seem.

Rounding a corner of the hill we came across a second village, nestling amongst stupendous boulders, and ascending again a little higher we reached a third by means of a natural tunnel in the rock, fortified, despite its inaccessible position, with palisades.

The natives were somewhat shy of us, and fled to rocky eyries from whence to contemplate us, seated in rows in all sorts of uncomfortable angles, for all the world like monkeys. They are utterly unaccustomed to postures of comfort, reclining at night-time on a grass mat on the hard ground, with their necks resting on a wooden pillow, curiously carved and closely resembling the head-rests for the dead found in Egyptian tombs; they are accustomed to decorate their hair so fantastically with tufts ornamentally arranged and tied up with beads that they are afraid of destroying the effect, and hence these pillows. Further north, in Gambeedje's country, their heads are decorated with curious grass erections dexterously woven, giving them the quaintest appearance. A Makalanga is by nature vain, and particular about the appearance of his nudity; the ladies have fashions in beads and cloths like our ladies at home, and before visiting a fresh kraal our men used to love to polish themselves like mahogany, by chewing the monkey-nut and rubbing their skins with it, good-naturedly doing each other's backs and inaccessible corners. Somehow they know what becomes them too, twisting tin ornaments made from our meat-tins into their black hair. They would have nothing but red beads, which show off well against their dark skin, and, though it seems somewhat paradoxical to say so of naked savages, yet I consider no one has better taste in dress than they have until a hybrid civilisation is introduced amongst them.

From many of the huts in Inyamanda were hanging their *dollasses*, wooden charms on which are drawn strange figures. Each family possesses a set of four tied together by a string. On the evening of the new moon they will seat themselves in a circle, and the village witch doctor will go around, tossing each man's *dollas* in the air, and by the way this turns up he will divine the fortune of the individual for the month that is to come. Some *dollasses* are of wood, some of bone, some of ivory, but the patterns thereon are conventional and the same all over Kaffirland.

Never shall I forget the view from the summit of Inyamanda rock over the country ruled over by the chief Matipi; the horizon is cut by count-

less odd peaked *kopjes*, grey and weird, rising out of rich vegetation, getting bluer and bluer in the far distance, and there is always something indescribably rich about the blueness of an African distance.

We spent a long and pleasant day at another village called Umlali, also perched on a rocky eminence in Chibi's country, where many objects of interest came before our notice. Here, for the first time, we saw the iron forge in which the natives smelt the iron ore they obtain from the neighbouring mountains. This is a great industry in Chibi's country, where whole villages devote all their time and energies to iron working, tilling no land and keeping no cattle, but exchanging their iron-headed assegais, barbed arrow-heads, and field tools for grain and such domestic commodities as they may require. The native forge is a curious object to look upon. It is made of clay, and made to represent a seated woman in form; the head is the chimney, decorated with eyes, nose, and mouth, resting on shoulders; the legs are stretched out and form the sides of the furnace, and to complete the picture they decorate the front with breasts, and the tattoo decorations usually found on female stomachs. They heat the charcoal in the furnace by means of air pumped out of goat-skin bellows through clay blow-pipes fixed into the embers. It is a quaint sight to see them at work, with all their commodities, pillows, knives, and assegais, fixed on to the reed walls which shut off the forge from the outer world.

At Umlali, too, we were first introduced to the women, who have their stomachs decorated with many long lines or cicatrices. Between thirty and forty of these lines run across them, executed with surprising regularity, and resembling the furrows on a ploughed field. In vain we tried to photograph and count them. On one occasion I succeeded in counting sixteen furrows, when the bashful female ran away, and I think I had done about half. This is the favourite pattern in Chibi's country and with the neighbouring petty chiefs for female decoration, and they admire it so much that they put it also on their drums, on their granaries, and on their pillows, and, as I have said, on their forges—"the breast and furrow" pattern, one might technically term it, and I fancy it has to do with an occult idea of fertility.

At Umlali, too, we saw the blind witch doctor of the village, dressed in all his quaint toggery. Small gourds, with seeds inside to rattle, were tied to his calves, a buck's horn with chain hung round his neck, with which he made a hideous noise. Quaint chains of beads and hair resplendent with feathers completed the fantastic appearance of this

poor blind man, who danced before us unceasingly, and made such hideous noises that we were obliged to beg him to stop.

The pass through which the road leads up from the river country to Fort Victoria is now called "Providential," by reason of the fact that the pioneer force of the Chartered Company did not know how to get over the range of hills rising to the north of the Tokwe river, until Mr. Selous chanced to hit on this gully between the mountains leading up to the higher plateau. Its scenery, to my mind, is distinctly over-rated. It is green and luxuriant in tropical vegetation, with the bubbling stream Godobgwe running down it; the hills on either side are fairly fine, but it could be surpassed easily in Wales and Scotland, or even Yorkshire. In point of fact, the scenery of Mashonaland is nothing if not quaint. Providential Pass is distinctly commonplace, whereas the granite *kopje* scenery is the quaintest form of landscape I have ever seen.

Fort Victoria has no redeeming point of beauty about it whatsoever, being placed on a bare flat plateau, surrounded in the rainy season by swamps. Nearly everybody was down with fever when we got there; provisions were at famine prices; and the melancholy aspect of affairs was enhanced by the hundred and fifty saddles placed in rows within the fort, which had once belonged to the hundred and fifty horses brought up by the pioneers, all of which had died of horse-sickness.

From Fort Victoria our real troubles of progression began. It is only fourteen miles from there to Zimbabwe ruins by the narrow Kaffir path, and active individuals have been known to go there and back in a day. It took us exactly seven days to traverse this distance with our waggons. The cutting down of trees, the skirting of swamps, the making of corduroy bridges, were amongst the hindrances which impeded our progress. For our men it was a perpetual time of toil, for us it was a week of excessive weariness.

By diving into the forests and climbing hills we came across groups of natives who interested us. It was the season just then in which they frequent the forests—the "barking season," when they go forth to collect large quantities of the bark of certain trees, out of which they produce so much that is useful for their primitive lives. They weave textiles out of bark, they make bags and string out of bark, they make quivers for their arrows, beehives for their bees, and sometimes granaries out of bark; in fact, the bark industry is second only to the iron smelting amongst the Makalangas.

At the correct season of the year they go off in groups into the

forests to collect bark, taking with them their wives and their children, carrying with them their assegais and fine barbed arrows, with which they shoot mice, a delicacy greatly beloved by them; they take with them also bags of mealies for food, and collect bags of caterpillars, brown hairy caterpillars three inches long, which at this season of the year swarm on the trees. These they disembowel and eat in enormous quantities, and what they cannot eat on the expedition they dry in the sun and take home for future consumption. Their only method of making a fire is by rubbing two sticks dexterously together until a spark appears, with which they ignite some tinder carried in a little wooden box attached to their girdles. At night time they cut down branches from the trees and make a shelter for themselves from the wind. It is curious to see a set of natives asleep, like sardines in a box, one black naked lump of humanity; if one turns or disturbs the harmony of the pie they all get up and swear at him, and settle down again. One man is always told off to watch the fire to keep off wild beasts, and then when morning comes they pack their belongings, their treasures of bark, mice, and caterpillars, and start off along the narrow path in single file at a tremendous pace, silent for a while, and then bursting forth into song, looking for all the world like a procession of black caterpillars themselves.

These forests around Zimbabwe are lovely to wander in, with feathery festoons of lichen, like a fairy scene at a pantomime; outside the forests are long stretches of coarse grass, towering above our heads in many cases, which were just then in seed, and like our harvest-fields at home. Fine trees, perched on the summit of colossal anthills, cast a pleasant shade around, and if by chance we were near a stream we had to be careful not to fall into the game-pits, deep narrow holes hidden by the grass, dug in the ground, into which the natives drive the deer and antelope, so that they get their forelegs fixed in them and cannot get out. All around here is far too well watered to be pleasant; long stretches of unhealthy swamps fill up the valleys, rivers and streams are plentiful, and the vegetation consequently rich.

Our camp close to Zimbabwe ruins was for over two months a busy scene in the midst of the wilderness; there were the two waggons in which we slept; the Indian terrace, a construction of grass and sticks in which we ate, our tent being the drawing-room; and in addition to these there were the kitchen and the men's sleeping room, cleverly constructed out of the sails of our waggons with walls of grass. In the centre was

an erection for our cocks and hens, but even from here the jackals occasionally contrived to steal one or two. Around the whole ran a *skerm*, or hedge, which latter adjunct gave a comfortable and concentrated feeling to it all.

Umgabeh is the dynastic name of the petty chief whose territory includes the Zimbabwe ruins; he recognises the suzerainty of Chibi, but is to all intents and purposes a free ruler. He arrived on the day after our arrival to visit us and then we were introduced to the Makalanga custom of hand-clapping. The mysterious meaning attached to this hand-clapping I was afterwards able in a measure to fathom; on the arrival of a chief or grand *induna* the hand-clapping is a serious undertaking and has to go on incessantly until the great man is seated and bids them to stop. Umgabeh was glad to see us, he said, and had no intention of interrupting our proposed work, provided only we agreed to one thing, and that was to leave his women alone. As for ourselves and our white men we answered that he need have no fear, but as for our negro workmen we would not hold ourselves responsible, but suggested that as they would all be his subjects he must see to that himself.

Umgabeh is a huge fat man, tall and dignified, though naked; around his neck he has a chain of huge white Venetian beads of considerable antiquity; in his hand he carries his iron sceptre, the badge of a chief, and his battle-axe is lavishly decorated with brass wire. Amongst his men we saw many of varied types, some distinctly Arabian in features, and I am bound to say the Kaffir type amongst them was the exception and by no means the rule.

From the many villages on the heights around Zimbabwe came every day crowds of natives, bringing provisions for sale, and we held a regular market in our camp. By this means we got as many cocks and hens as we wanted, eggs, milk, honey, and sweet potatoes; then they would bring us tomatoes, the largest I have ever seen, chillies, capers, and monkey nuts. Some of these, I am told on excellent authority, are distinct products of the New World, the seeds of which must have originally been brought by Dutch, Portuguese, and Spanish traders and given in exchange for the commodities of the country; and now they form an integral part of the diet of these people and prove to us how the ends of the world were brought together long before our time.

These daily markets were times of great excitement for us, for besides giving us an insight into their ways and life, we found it an

excellent time to acquire for a few beads their prettily carved knives, their snuff-boxes, their weapons, and the many quaint things they hang about their persons. As for Umgabeh himself, his chief kraal and residence was six miles away, and we saw but little of him after the first excitement of our arrival had worn off, but his brother Ikomo, the *induna* of the kraal on the hill behind the ruins, often came down to see us, and was a constant source of annoyance, seeing that his friendly visits had always some ulterior motive of getting something out of us. On one of these occasions my wife had collected a beautiful bowl of honey; the rascal Ikomo first eyed it with covetousness and then plunged his hand into the very midst thereof, and enjoyed his fingers complacently for some time after, whilst she in disgust had to throw away the best part of her treasure.

Frequently Ikomo would try to interrupt our work, and so frighten our black diggers from other villages that they ran away, and we had to collect a fresh team. On one occasion, whilst digging upon the fortress we disturbed a large rock, which slipped. On it was perched one of their granaries, which promptly fell to pieces, and the contents were scattered far and wide. In vain we offered to pay for the damages done; almost in no time we were surrounded by a screaming crowd of angry men and women, with Ikomo at their head, brandishing assegais and other terrible weapons of war. For a moment the affair looked serious; all our blacks fled in haste, and we, a small band of white men surrounded by the foe, were doubtful what course to pursue. At length we determined to stand their insults no longer, and, seizing whatever was nearest—spade, pick, or shovel—we rushed at them, and forthwith Ikomo and his valiant men fled like sheep before us, clambering up rocks, chattering and screaming like a cageful of monkeys at the Zoo. Sir John Willoughby and one or two men from Fort Victoria chanced to come over that day to visit us, and on hearing of our adventure he summoned Ikomo to a palaver, and told him that if such a thing happened again his kraal would be burnt to the ground and his tribe driven from the hill; and the result of this threat was that Ikomo troubled us no more.

Ikomo's kraal occupies a lovely situation on Zimbabwe Hill, hidden amongst the rocks, from the top of which lovely views can be obtained over the distant Bessa and Inyuni ranges, on the one side over the Livouri range, over Providential Pass on the other, and to the south over a sea of rugged *kopjes* leading down into the Tokwe valley. From this

point the strategical value of the hill is at once grasped, rising as it does sheer out of a well-watered plain, unassailable from all sides, the most commanding view in all the country round. The village is festooned with charming creepers, begonia and others, then in full flower; rows of granaries decorate the summit, and in the midst are some of those quaint trees which they use as larders, hanging therefrom the produce of their fields neatly tied up in long grass packages, which look like fat German sausages growing from the branches.

On one of the few flat spaces in the village is kept the village drum, or "tom-tom," constantly in use for dances. One day we found the women of the village hard at work enjoying themselves round this drum, dancing a sort of war-dance of their own. It was a quaint sight to see these women, with deep furrows on their naked stomachs, rushing to and fro, stooping, kneeling, shouting, brandishing battle-axes and assegais, and going through all the pantomime of war, until at last one of these Amazons fell into hysterics, and the dance was over. On another occasion, whilst visiting some ruins in a lovely dale about eight miles from Zimbabwe, we were treated to another sort of dance by the women of a neighbouring village. The chief feature in the performance was a grotesque one, and consisted of smacking their furrowed stomachs and long-hanging breasts in measured cadence with their feet, so that the air resounded with the noise produced.

As for the men they are for ever dancing; either a beer drink, the new moon, or simple, unfeigned joviality being the motive power. Frequently on cold evenings our men would dance round the camp fire; always the same *Indumba*, or war-dance; round and round they went shouting, capering, gesticulating. Now and again scouts would be sent out to reconnoitre, and would engage in fight with an imaginary foe, and return victorious to the circle. If one had not had personal experience of their cowardice, one might almost have been alarmed at their hostile attitudes. On pay-day, when our thirty workmen each received a blanket for their month's work, they treated us to a dance, each man wrapped in his new acquisition. Umgabeh, with his sceptre and battle-axe, conducted the proceedings; it was a most energetic and ridiculous looking scene to witness, as the blankets whirled round in the air, and the men shouted and yelled with joy. When all was over, each man measured his blanket with his neighbour, to see that he had not been cheated, and, gaily chattering, they wended their way to the village, with their blankets trailing behind them. The novelty of possessing a

blanket was an intense joy to these savages. For a whole month they worked and found themselves in everything for an article which cost 4s. 10d. at Fort Tuli, and probably 2s. 6d. in England. One tottering old man was amongst our workmen, and seeing his incapacity I was about to discard him, but his longing for a blanket was so piteous—"to sleep in a blanket once before he died"—that he was allowed to continue and do his best to earn one.

Dancing is the one great dissipation of the Makalanga's life; he will keep it up for hours without tiring at their great beer-drinking feasts, at weddings, nay, even at funerals. At these latter ceremonies they will not allow a white man to be present, so what they do is still a mystery, but we heard repeatedly the incident festivities after a death had taken place, the shouting, the dancing, and the hideous din of the "tom-tom." In our work at Zimbabwe, we unwittingly opened several of their graves, in which the corpse was laid on a reed mat—the mat, probably, on which he had slept during life—his bowl and his calabash were placed beside him: and in the tomb of a chief it is customary to place a bowl of beer, which is constantly replenished for the refreshment of the spirit, for they are great believers in making themselves agreeable to the departed, and at the annual sacrificial feast in honour of the dead, meat and beer are always allotted to the spirits of their ancestors.

There is a good deal of music inherent in the Makalanga; he makes his piano with thirty or more iron notes, this he puts into a calabash and plays most dexterously; he also plays a sort of Jew's harp made out of a reed and string; he has his cymbals and his drum, anything to make a noise; at his dances he ties to his person reeds or gourds filled with the seeds known as Indian shot, which grow luxuriously at Zimbabwe, which rattle and add to the prevailing din.

When we took leave of Ikomo, the *induna* of Zimbabwe, he was seated in front of his hut, eating his red coloured "sodza," made of millet meal and locusts, allowing his head men who sat around to take occasional handfuls from his savoury platter. Conversation turned on his tribe. He told us how they came to Zimbabwe about forty years ago, when he was only eighteen years of age, from the neighbourhood of the Sabi river, where they had lived for many years. No one was then living at Zimbabwe Hill, which was covered, as it still is in parts, with a dense jungle. No one knew anything about the ruins, neither did they seem much to care; the tradition amongst them is that white men lived there once, but the black men poisoned the water and they all died.

On leaving Zimbabwe and our work, we determined on making a tentative trip of a few days, with horses and a donkey, to see how we could manage travelling in the wilds in this country without our waggon-home. Moreover, we wished to pay a visit to Umgabeh at his kraal, and to take his rival, Cherumbela, on the way back to Fort Victoria.

One lovely morning in August we left our waggons, our cook, and our curios to find their own way back to Fort Victoria, and set off. The scenery southwards down the gorge was charming, granite *kopje* after granite *kopje* carrying the eye far away into the blue hazy distance. The foliage was thick and shady, and as we halted at a stream to water our animals we plucked large fronds of *osmunda regalis* and the tree-fern. To our right we passed a huge split rock, just a square block of granite eighty feet high split into four parts, so that narrow paths lead from each side into the heart of it. It was one of the most extraordinary natural stone formations I have ever seen, and the natives call it *Lumbo*. A relation of Umgabeh's rules over a fantastic kraal, called Baramazimba, hard by this rock; its huts are situated in such inaccessible corners you wonder how the inhabitants ever get to them. Huge trees sheltered the entrance to this village, beneath which men were seated on the ground playing "Isafuba," the mysterious game of the Makalangas, with sixty holes in rows on the ground. Ten men can play at this game, and it consists in removing bits of pottery or stones from one hole to the other in an unaccountable manner. We watched it scores of times whilst in the country, and always gave it up as a bad job, deciding that it must be like draughts or chess, learnt by them from the former civilised race who dwelt here.

At midday we reached Umgabeh's kraal and found our host only just recovering from the effects of drinking too much beer, and he had a relapse in the course of the afternoon to celebrate our arrival. He allotted us two huts, which we proceeded to have cleaned out. My wife and I occupied one, delightfully situated beneath a spreading cork tree; it was about twelve feet in diameter, and in the centre was the fireplace of cement with a raised seat by it on which the cook usually sits when stirring the pot. We spread our rugs where it appeared most level, and during the night, in spite of our candle, the rats careered about us to such an alarming extent that sleep was next to impossible, and we had ample time at our disposal for contemplating our abode.

On one side was a raised place for the family jars, huge earthenware

things covered with slabs of stone, containing meal, caterpillars, locusts, and other edibles. On the opposite side was a stable for the calves, which we were able to banish, but we could not so easily control the cocks and hens which came in at all the holes, nor the rats which darted amongst the smoke-begrimed rafters when day dawned. These blackened rafters of the roof the Makalangas use as cupboards, sticking therein their pipes, their weapons, their medicine phials, their tools, and their pillows, and we soon found that this was the place to look for all manner of curios, only the huts are so dark it is impossible to see anything when there happens to be no holes in the walls; a low door three feet high is the only point for admitting light and air, consequently the huts are not only dark but odoriferous.

Umgabeh's kraal has as lovely a situation as can well be imagined. It is situated in a glade, buried in trees and vegetation, so that until you are in it you hardly notice the spot. Huge granite mountains rise on either side, completely shutting it in; a rushing stream runs through the glade, supplying the place with delicious water. Here is distinctly a spot where only man is vile; and the great fat chief, seated on the top of a rock, sodden with beer, formed one of the vilest specimens of humanity I ever saw.

The aforesaid stream in its course down the valley, just below the village, runs underneath a vast mass of granite rocks, which form a labyrinth of caves exceedingly difficult to approach. To facilitate the entry the inhabitants have made bridges of trees, and in times of danger from the Matabele they take refuge therein; they take their cattle with them, and pull down the bridges. In the interior they always keep many granaries well filled with grain, in case of accidents. Old Umgabeh was most unwilling for us to go in and learn his tribal secret however, nothing daunted, with the aid of candles we effected an entry, and a queer place it is. Granaries are perched in all sorts of crannies, traces of a late habitation exist all around, and the boiling stream is roaring in the crevices below.

The flat rocks outside were just now covered with locusts drying in the sun; millet meal and other domestic commodities were spread out too.

The rest of that lovely afternoon we spent in wandering about in this Paradise, admiring the dense foliage, the creepers, and the euphorbia which towered over the huts. I regretted when the pangs of hunger and the shades of evening obliged us to return to our huts to cook our frugal meal and pretend to go to bed.

It was a long ride next day to Cherumbela's kraal, the bitter enemy and hereditary foe of our late host; we passed many villages and many streams on the way, and had a direful experience at one of the swamps which our path crossed just before reaching our destination. One of our horses disappeared in it, all but his head, another rolled entirely over in it, whilst we stood helpless on the bank and fearful of the result, but at length we managed to drag the wretched animals out, and an hour before sundown we reached Cherumbela's stronghold.

It is quite a different place from Umgabeh's, and much larger, with huts running along the backbone of a high granite ridge. The principal kraal where the chief lives is fortified with palisades and rough walls, and is entered by a gateway formed of posts leaning against one another; the huts are better, with decorated doors, and the people finer than those of Umgabeh's tribe. Many of them have their heads cleanly shaved at the top, with a row of curious tufts of hair tied together at the top and made to look like a lot of black plants sprouting from their skulls.

Cherumbela himself is a lithe, active man, a complete contrast to Umgabeh, a man of activity both of mind and body, he is feared and respected by his men, and is consequently one of the strongest chiefs hereabouts and raids upon his neighbours with great success. Years ago when he was a boy he told us that his tribe lived on the top of one of the highest mountains overlooking Providential Pass, when a Matabele raid or *impi* fell upon them and drove most of the inhabitants over a steep precipice to their death: the remnant that escaped came here and settled and have now, under Cherumbela's rule, grown strong. The chief allotted us his own hut for our night's lodging. Nevertheless, we had much the same experiences as on the previous night, which made us vow that on our prospective trips to the Sabi and northwards we would take a tent and never again expose ourselves to the companionship of rats and vermin in the native huts.

The following day a lovely ride over the mountains through dense forests and swarms of locusts, which our black men eagerly collected, brought us back again to Fort Victoria and comparative civilisation, where we made preparations for our more extended expeditions away from the road and our waggons, warned but not discouraged by our discomforts with Umgabeh and Cherumbela.

J. THEODORE BENT.

LETTERS OF CARLYLE TO VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

Chelsea, London : Decr. 16, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—Yesterday there went from Mr. Nutt's shop, imbedded, I suppose, in a soft mass of English Literature,—a small box bearing your address; which I hope may reach you safely, in time for a New-year's remembrance of me. It is a model of the Tomb of Shakespeare, done by an ingenious little artist here; which may perhaps interest you or some of your friends, for a moment. I understand the likeness in all respects to be nearly perfect,—which indeed is the sole merit of such a thing;—a perfect copy of the old monument, as it stands within Stratford Church for these two centuries and more:—only with regard to that part of the Inscription, "Sweet friends, for Jesus' sake," &c. to these lines, which in the model have found room for themselves directly *under* the Figure of Shakespeare, you are to understand that, in the original, they lay on the floor of the Church, some three feet *in advance* of the Figure; in fact, covering the dust of the Poet; the Figure itself standing, at the head of the grave, against the wall.—And so enough of it; and may the poor little Package arrive safe, and kindly bring me before you again!—

I have been silent this long while, only hearing of you from third parties; the more is the pity for me. In fact, I have not been well; travelling, too, in Scotland, in Ireland; much tumbled about by manifold confusions outward and inward; and have, on the whole, been silent to all the world; silent till clearer days should come. I have still no fixed work; nothing in the dark chaos that it could seem *beautiful* to conquer and *do*;—no work to write at; and as for reading, alas that has become and is ever more becoming, a most sorry business for me; and often enough I feel as if Caliph Omar, long ago, was pretty much in the right

after all; as if there might be worse feats than burning whole continents of rhetorical, logical, historical, philosophical jangle, and insincere obsolete rubbish, out of one's way; and leaving some living God's-message, real *Koran* or "Thing worth reading," in its stead! These are my heterodoxies, my paradoxes of which too I try to know the limits. But in very deed I do expect from the region of *Silence* some salvation for myself and others; not from the region of *Speech*, of written or Oral Babblement, unless that latter very much alter soon! *Cant* has filled the whole universe,—from Nadir up to Zenith,—God deliver us!

Preuss's *Friedrich* has not yet reached hither, except through private channels; but I mean to make an effort for sight of it by and by. I have the old *Œuvres de Frédéric* beside me here; but without chronology and perpetual commentary they are entirely illegible.—*Zinzendorf* received long since, and read: thanks!—Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: March 3, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR,—Some ten days ago your new volume of *Denkwürdigkeiten* was safely handed in to me; I fancy it must have been delayed among the ice of the Elbe, for the note accompanying it bears date a good while back. Thanks for this new kindness: a valued Gift, to be counted with very many other which I now owe to you.—Some time before, there had arrived your announcement that the little *Tomb of Shakespeare* had made its way across the impediments and, what was very welcome to me, that you meant to show it to Herr Tiek. Surely, there is no man in all the world that deserves better to see it! Will you say to him, if he knows my name at all, that I send him my affectionate respects and salutations; that, for the last twenty years and more, he has flourished always in my mind as a true noble "Singing-Tree" in that German land of *Phantasus* and *Poesis*, that I, and very many here, still listen to him with the friendliest regards, with true love and reverence, and bid him live long as a veteran very precious to us. Your king did no act that got him more votes from the instructed part of this Community, than that of his recalling Tiek in the way he did, to a country where he was indeed *unique*, and which had good reason to be proud of him.

I have read the new volume of *Denkwürdigkeiten;* and am veritably called to thank you, not in my private capacity alone, but as a speaker

for the Public withal. If the Public thought as I do on such matters,—that is to say, if the Public were not more or less a blockhead—the Public would say to itself, "This is the kind of thing that before all others is good for me at present! This, to give me an account of memorable actions and events, in more and more compact, intelligent, illuminative form, *evolving* for me more and more the real essence of said actions and events,—*this* is Literature, Art, Poetry, or what name you like to give it; this is the real problem the writing-man has to solve for me, at present." Truly if I had command over you, I should say, "Memoirs, and ever new Memoirs!" There are no books that give me so lively an impression of modern Facts as these of yours do. Withal I get a view as if into the very heart of Prussia through them; which also is highly valuable to me. I can only bid you *persevere*, give us what is possible; and must reflect with regret that one man's capabilities in such respect are limited and not unlimited.—Last week too I have read with the liveliest interest, your Book on *Blücher*, which I had not sufficiently studied before. A Capital Book; a capital rough old Prussian Mastiff set forth to us there! I seem to see old Blücher face to face; recognise his supreme and indispensable worth in that vast heterogeneous Combination,—which also to him was indispensable; for in a common element, one sees, he might very easily have spent himself, as hundreds like him have done, to comparatively small purpose; but that huge inert mass was always there to fall back upon, to be excited and ever anew excited, till it also had to kindle and flame along with him. "*Kerle, Ihr sehet aus wie Schweine!*" and then these scenes, as at Katztadt, "Napoleon just behind me, say you?" or to the enthusiastic Public on the streets of Halberstadt, "*So mögt Ihr denn alle——!*"—I have laughed aloud at such naivetes, every time they have come into my mind since. Thanks again and again for painting us such pictures, a real possession for all men.

Of my own affairs I can report no alteration hitherto. I remain contentedly idle; shall doubtless feel a call to work again by and by, but wait *unbeschreiblich ruhig* (as Attila Schmelze has it) for that questionable consummation! I am very serious in my ever-deepening regard for the "Silences" that are in our Existence, quite unheeded in these poor days; and do, for myself, regard Book-writing in such a time as but a *Pis-aller*. With which nevertheless one *must* persevere! Adieu, my dear Sir, enliven me soon by another letter.—Yours ever,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: Nov. 5, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is a long time since I heard from you; a long time since I wrote to you,—a still *longer* indeed; so that, however I may regret, there is no room for complaining: it is my own blame! Your last letter found me in Yorkshire; wandering about the country, as I long continued to do, in the brightest Autumn weather; I did not get the *Schiller book* into actual possession till my return home, some little while ago; when I found there had a second volume also arrived. Many kind thanks to you for such a Gift. For its own worth, and for sake of the Giver, it is right welcome to me. I finished the second volume last night; my most interesting book for many months past; in great haste, I send you forthwith a word of hasty acknowledgment: —in great eagerness for the Sequel too! The book does not say who is Editor; have not You yourself perhaps some hand in it? Whoever the Editor may be, the whole world is bound to thank him. Never before did one *see* Schiller; the authentic homely Prose Schiller, out of whom the Hero Schiller as seen in Poetry and on the Public Stage hitherto, had to fashion himself and grow! And truly, as you say, they are one and the same. For the veracity, and real unconscious manliness of this poor hungry Schiller of Prose, fighting his battle with the confusion of the world, are everywhere admirable. No cant in him; no weak sentimentalism; he has recognised the rugged fact in all its contradictoriness; looks round, with rapid eager eye, upon his various milk-cows of finance, "This one will yield me so much, that so much, and I shall get through after all!"—and *is* climbing towards the Ideal, all the while, by an impulse as if from the Gods. Throughout I recollected that portrait you sent me; with its big jaws, loose lips, hasty eager eyes,—all as in loose onset and advance, "Forward! Forward!" Poor Schiller, there is something that one loves extremely in that ragged careless aspect of him; true to the very heart: a veritable Brother and Man! Körner too I hear universally recognised as a Tüchtiger; full of sense, of friendly candour and fidelity: it is rarely that one reads such a Correspondence between two modern men. Thanks to you all for giving it to us; thanks to *you* individually for sending it me at once.

I would fain send you some news of myself; but alas, that is a very waste Chapter, not fit for entering upon, to-day! I have no work on hand that can be named; I feel only that the whole world of England, of Europe, grows daily full of new meanings, which it well beseems all persons of intelligence to try if they *can* read and speak. For the

rest, I am very solitary; by choice and industry, keep solitary: the world here, especially the world of "Literature" so called, is not my world. In fact I begin very greatly to despise the thing they call "Literature,"—and to envy the active ages that had none of it. A waste sea of vocables: what salvation is there in that? Ranke's failure does not surprise me: If I were a Prussian, or even German, I would decidedly try *Friedrich.* Adieu my dear Sir: be kind and write again soon. Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea: Decr. 29, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is a long sad time since I have written to you, or could expect to hear any word directly from you: for indeed I have been, and still am, in an altogether *inarticulate* condition; writing to nobody; in the highest degree indisposed to writing or uttering of myself in any kind! You do not doubt but many kind thoughts and remembrances have crossed the sea to you, all this while; nor do we want evidence of the like on your part; nay, from Miss Wynne and otherwise, we have pretty accurately known how you were going on, and have generally had some image of you kept lurid and vivid in our circle here. Forgive my silence—silence is not good altogether, when there are kind hearts that will listen and reply! The advent of the New Year admonishes me that I should open my leaden lips, and speak *once* more, —were it but as Odin's Prophetess, from the belly of the Grave! In the language of the season, I wish you a right brave New Year, and as many of them as your heart can still victoriously port in such a world. *Courage! En avant!* I will start up too, some day, and march along with you again, I doubt not.

Some weeks ago your little Pamphlet on the question of German Unity *(Schlichte Reden)* came to me, a welcome little word, which I read with entire assent. This was your message hitherward; and now, the other day, I despatched for you a little old Book of mine which they have been republishing here;—a book of no moment; which probably you already have received: let this be a small memento from me, when you look upon it. Whether I shall ever write another book in this world has often seemed uncertain to me of late; but I believe I shall have to try it again before long, or else do worse!

What a year we have had since February last! The universal breaking down of old rotten thrones, and bursting up of street-barricades;

enfuriated Sansculottism everywhere starting up, and glaring like a world-basilisk into the empty *Wan-Wan* that pretended to be a god to it. "What *art* thou, accursed contemptibility of a Wan-Wan?"—It is to me the most sordid, scandalous and dismal sight the world ever offered in my time; and if there were not in the dark womb of that "abomination of desolation" a ray of eternal light for me, I should think (like poor Niebuhr) the universe was going out, and pray for my own share, "From me hide it!" But withal I discern well, none more loyally. It is a sacred phenomenon, a fulfilment of the eternal prophecies, the beginning of a new birth of the world. A general "bankruptcy of Imposture" (so I define it); Imposture, long known by the wise for what it was, is now known and declared for such to the foolish at the market-cross, and admits openly that it is a bankrupt piece of scandalism, and requests only time to gather up its rags, and walk away unhanged. How can I lament at this? Dismal, abominable as the sight is, I cannot but intrinsically rejoice at it. And yet what a Future lies before us, for centuries to come,—if we had any thought within us, which very few have.

The feeling here among considerate persons is, that Germany, in spite of all the explosions of nonsense we have seen, will certainly recover some balance; and march, like a brave country,—not towards Chaos, as some others seem to do! We can understand that it is all the dirty, the foul and mutinous folly that comes *first* to the top; but Germany deceives us all if there be not abundant silent heroic faculty in the heart of it;—and indeed it is to England and Deutschland that the Problem seems to me now to have fallen: and a dreadful Problem it is,—*in*soluble by the Southern genius, as we see. God assist us all! I am ever your affectionate friend,

T. CARLYLE.

Goethe and Frau von Stein: but that deserves a chapter by itself! I read your copy. With pleasant wonder, which has not yet subsided into clear appreciation.

[There is a "Memorandum" joined to this letter, on a particular bit of paper:]

My wife, for above a year past, is acquainted with your works done on paper by the scissors; works that fill the female fingers with despair,—the female heart with desire to possess for itself a few specimens. Can you kindly think of this, some after-dinner?—T. C.

Chelsea: Octr. 29, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Neuberg intimated to me, the other night, that he is about returning to Germany, probably to Berlin among other places, and that he will take charge of any packet of "Autographs" or other small ware, which I may have to send you. By way of acknowledgment for your great kindness to Neuberg, if not for infinitely more solid reasons, I ought to rouse myself, and constitute him my messenger on this occasion! He is deeply sensible of your goodness to him; and surely so am I, to whom it is not the first nor the hundred-and-first example of your disposition in that respect. Many thanks I give you always, whether I express them in words or do not at all express them This I believe you know; and so we need not say more of it at present.

There were other letters I had laid up for you; which seem, in some household earthquake, to have been destroyed, at least they are undiscoverable now when I search for them: but by the present sample I think you will infer that they were not good for much,—hardly one or two by persons of any note or singularity, whom you are not already acquainted with, so far as handwriting can bring acquaintance: such were those now fallen aside, such are these now sent; if they yield you a moment's amusement in your solitude, and kindly bring you in mind of a friendly hand far away, they will do all the function they are fit for. About a fortnight ago I despatched, without any letter enclosed, a volume I have been publishing lately, Biography of a deceased Friend of mine. This also I hope you have got, or will soon get, and may derive a little pleasure from. It will give you a kind of glimpse into modern English life; and may suggest reflections and considerations which, to a *human* reader like yourself, are not without value. I wrote it last summer when we were all in Babel uproar with the thing they called "Crystal Palace,"—such a gathering of jubilant *Windbeutelm* from all the four corners of the world as was never let loose on our poor city before!—in which sad circumstances all serious study was as good as impossible; and, not to go quite out of patience, one had to resolve on doing something that did not need study. Thank the gods, we are now rid of that loud delirium, of street cabs, stump-oratory, and general Hallelujah to the Prince of the Power of the Air,—what I used to call the "*Wind-dust-ry* of all Nations";—and may the angry Fates never send the like of it again in my time!

What my next task is to be? That is the question. If I were a

brave Prussian, I believe I should forthwith attempt some Picture of Friedrich the Great, the last real *king* that we have had in Europe,—a long way till the next, I fear—and nothing but sordid loud anarchy *till* the next. But I am English, admonished towards England;—and Friedrich, too, is sure enough to be known in time without aid of mine. —And so I remain in suspense; have however got Preuss' big book, and decide to read that again very soon. I am much at a loss for maps and good topographies on that subject: if you could select me a very recommendable name or two, it might be of real help. We have huge map-dealers here, a wilderness of wares; and can get any German thing at once, if we will know which. *Item*, I have been reading again (for curiosity merely) about Catharine II.:—you who know Russian might guide me a little there too. Catharine is a most remarkable woman;—and we are to remember that, if she had been a *man* (as Francis I., Henry IV., &c.), much of the scandal attached to her name would at once fall away. Doubtless you have read Kropomisky's *Tagebuch:* is it good for anything? Are there *no* Histories but Castera's and Took's? Any news on that subject would be welcome too, some time when you are benevolent to me. Adieu, my dear Sir, and do not forget me!—

T. CARLYLE.

We have lost Miss Wynne's latitude and longitude in these her travels. If she comes to Berlin, remind her punctually of that fact.—Milnes, as you perhaps know, is at last wedded; just returning from his marriage-jaunt: a very eligible wife he got.

Chelsea, London: June 6, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—Since you last heard of me, I have been reading and inquiring not a little about Frederick the Great; and have often had it in view to write to you, but was always driven back by the vague state of my affairs in that quarter. For all is yet vague; I may say chaotic, pathless;—and on the whole, my studies (if they deserve that name) have hitherto served less to afford me direct vision on the subject, than to show what darkness still envelopes it for me. Books here are pretty abundant upon Frederick, for he has always been an object of interest to the English; but on the whole not the right Books,—the right Books, materials and helps are not accessible here, and indeed do not exist here even if one could (which I cannot) sit in the British Museum

to read them. On the other hand, importation of books from Germany, I find, is intolerably tedious and uncertain:—so that, I have to admit that my real progress, in proportion to my labour, is quite mournfully small; and after struggling with so many dull reporters, *Preuss* (in all forms), *Ranke*, *Frédéric* (*Œuvres de*, in two editions), *Voltaire*, *Lloyd* (*Tempelhof* still unattainable), *Jomini*, *Archenholz*, *Retzow*, not to speak of *Zimmermann*, *Nicolai*, *Denina*, &c. &c., "reporters" enough,—I find the thing reported of still hovering at an immeasurable distance, and only revealing itself to *me* in fitful enigmatic glimpses, not quite identical with any of the "reports" I have heard!—Add to which, I have no definite literary object of my own in view, to animate me in this inquiry; nothing but a natural human curiosity, and love of the Heroic, in the absence of other livelier interests from my sphere of work at present: you may figure I have not been a very victorious labourer for the last seven or eight months.

Nevertheless, I decidedly grow in love for my Hero, and go on; and can by no means decide to throw him up at this stage of the inquiry. That I should ever write anything on Frederick seems more and more unlikely; but perhaps it would be good that my *reading* upon him, which has been a kind of intermitting pursuit with me all my life, should now finish and complete itself at last. Accordingly friend Neuberg, I believe, has won another small cargo of Books on the road for me; nay other wider schemes of inquiry are opening: one way or other, I suppose, I ought to play the game out.

From Reymann's *Kreiskarten*, and Stieler's maps, joined to an invaluable old *Büsching* which has come to me, I get, or can get fair help towards all manner of topography; on the other hand, I greatly want some other kind of Book or Books which should give me with the due minuteness and due indubitability a correct basis of Chronology; in all former inquiries, I had some Contemporary set of Newspapers, *Analyse du Moniteur*, *Commons Journals*, private Diary or the like, to serve me in this respect; but here I have yet found nothing, and do much want something, the result being always an indispensable one with me, and preliminary to all other results. Had faithful Preuss done the *Œuvres de* Frederick according to what I think the right plan, all would have been safe in this particular, in the hands of so exact a man: but unfortunately he has looked on Frederick's works as *literature* (which they hardly are, or not at all are) and not as Autobiographic Documents of a World-Hero (which is their real character); and thus, tying up every little

ounce-weight of different ware into a bundle of his own,—we have a most perverse regularity of method; the book, in spite of its painful unrememberable annotations, very often unintelligible to the earnest reader; not to be read in any way except with all the volumes about you at once; and yielding at last a result which is quite bewildering,—not a living hero and the shadow of his history, but the *disjecta membra* of him and it. From these *Œuvres*, were they even completed, there will be no Chronology easily attainable.—If you know of any such book as would serve me in this particular, or can hear of any, I will beg you to let me know of it. Also (after all my Büschings and Reymanns) I should be very thankful for a little Topographical Dictionary of Prussia, or even of Germany (if not too big): Büsching's *Indexes* being hitherto my only help in this respect. Character of place, sequence of time, Topography and Chronology,—these are the warp and woof of all historical intelligibility to me.

Another book which I want still more, if there be such a book, is some Biographical Dictionary, or were it even an authentic old "Peerage Book" such as we have in England,—or even a distillation of old Army-lists and Court Calendar,—some Prussian Book, I mean, or general German Book, which would tell me a little who these crowds of empty names are, at least which of them is meant, when one hears them mentioned. This is a quite frightful want with me. There are such multitudes of different Schwerins ("of Schwerins," I somewhere heard), all of them unknown to me, so many Brandenburg-Schwedl Brunswick Bewerns, half-dozens of Dukes of Würtemberg, &c. &c.—it becomes like a Walpurgis-Nacht, where you can fix some of them into the condition of visual shadows at least! The very Margraves of Baireuth and Anspach are and continue mere echoes to me.—The Duchess of Saxe-Gotha too (Frederick's and Voltaire's), I have asked on all sides who or what she is and nobody can so much as show me the colour of a ribbon of her! Voltaire's five thousand letters (one hundred times *too many*) I find as imperfectly *edited* as any; indeed they are three-parts utterly illegible already, for want of editing,—and must end by being flung out, as portions of Chaos or the utterly Dark, for most part before very long, I apprehend. It was Frederick alone that first sent me into that black element, or beyond the very shores of it; and I confess I had no idea how dark and vacant it had grown.—If you can think of any guide or guides for me, in this important particular at once so essential and so completely unprovided for, surely it will be a great favour. Of course there are

guides better or worse, to an inquiring stranger; and the worst of them, if only authentic and intelligible, would be a kind of heaven to me in this enterprise.

Did you see the Selection from Sir Andrew Mitchell's Correspondence, two thick volumes which appeared here some years ago? Doubtless they are in some of your Berlin libraries. The Editor, one Birret, is a man of some energy and talent; but said to be very vain and ill-natured; and is, beyond doubt, profoundly ill-informed on the matter he has here undertaken. There is a letter, from a poor English soldier, acting as servant to Marshal Keith, which gives some poor glimpses of Keith in his last moments, and of the terrible mewing of Hochkirch: you must see this poor Tebay's letter (that is the name of him) for your second edition of *Keith;* if you have it not at hand, pray apply to me for a copy, which will be very easily got. It seems there are large masses of Mitchell Correspondence still unprinted in the British Museum, and various MSS. of Frederick included in them; which, however, I believe, have been seen by Raumer and other Prussians. I read *Mirabeau*, and still have him; but except Maubillon's volume on the Prussian soldiers, I found the rest mainly a huge and to me quite questionable lecture on Free-trade *à la Cobden;*—well worth its reading too, for Mirabeau is Mirabeau wherever one finds him. I have often pictured to myself the one interview of Vater Fritz and Gabriel Honoré on the stage of this world!

But, on the whole, I must now tell you of a project that has risen here of a little tour to Germany itself on our part; of which the chief justification to me,—though the female mind withal has other views in it,—would be to assist myself in the inquiries after Frederick. To look with my eyes upon Potsdam, Ruppin, Rheinsberg, Küstrin, and the haunts of Frederick; to see the Riesengebirge country and the actual fields of Frederick's ten or twelve grand battles: this would be a real and great gain to me. Hohenfriedberg, Soor, Leuthen, I could walk these scenes as truly notable ones on this Earth's surface; footsteps of a most brilliant, valiant and invincible human soul which had gone before me through the countries and left indelible trace of himself there. Then at Berlin, one could see at least immensities of portraits, Chodowieski Engravings, &c. &c. which are quite wanting in this country; as well as all manner of books to be read or to be collected and carried home for reading;—not to mention oral inquiries and communications, or the very sight of friends who might otherwise remain always invisible

to me! In short, I think it not unlikely that we may actually come, my Wife and I, this very summer; and try the business a little; for there are Homburg or other watering places in the game too, and we really both of us need a little change of scene, after so many years of this Babel. The drawbacks are sad incapacity, especially on my part, for sleeping, for digesting, for supporting the conditions of travel,—which are sport to most people, and alas are death to poor us! However, if the motive energy *were* sufficiently great! We can both of us speak, or could soon learn to speak, a kind of Deutsch-Kauderwälsch, which might be intelligible to the quick-eared; and for me, I have a certain readiness in bad French as well. Miss Wynne eagerly urges the attempt, on hygienic grounds; others urge, and in fact, there is a kind of stir in the matter, which may perhaps come to something.

Will you, at any rate, be so kind as to describe to me a little what you reckon the resources of Berlin in regard to my Frederick speculations might be.—Berlin, I conclude, must be the headquarter in regard to all that;—and mention especially what the proper time, both in regard to climate and to the presence of instructive persons, might be for visiting your city. People speak of Berlin heats, and sand, and blazing pavements, and again of Berlin sleets and frosts: a still more important point would be the possibility of lodging in some open-aired and above all, *quiet* place; doubtless all this is manageable,—with a *maximum quidem*, and also with a *minimum*. Till your answer comes, I will stir no farther.

Miss Wynne, home from Paris this good while, seems as well as ever, and quite beautiful again. We all salute Varnhagen.—Yours always,

T. CARLYLE.

Dresden: Septr. 25, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—Here I actually am in Germany, and have been there three or four weeks; in my great haste and confusion I despatch a line to announce that small fact to you,—and farther that I hope to be in Berlin itself (and to see you, if I am lucky) about Tuesday or at farthest Wednesday next. I have come up the Rhine from Rotterdam; have been at Ems, Homburg, Frankfurt, Weimar, &c.: this afternoon we go towards Schandau, Lobositz; and after Lobositz, direct to Berlin, —I suppose by Zittau and Frankfurt a. O.

My wife is not here; she is safe at home,—where I wish I too were!

Neuberg alone accompanies me; one of the friendliest and helpfullest road-companions man ever had. I have of course seen many interesting things; in fact I have prospered well in all respects, except that I can hardly get any sleep, in these noisy bedrooms, in these strange beds: in fact it is now four weeks since I had a night of sound sleep; I am obliged to help myself along with broken sleep, in about half the natural quantity,—which circumstance necessarily modifies very much the objects I can hope to attempt with success in this journey of mine. To gather some old books (on the subject of Frederick), to see Portraits and Places, this is nearly all I can aim at, as matters go.

Berlin is to be my last station; from Berlin I go home by the shortest route, and at the quickest rate of steam conveyance. I calculate on staying there perhaps a week; longer if I could get a lodging where sleep were possible; but of that I fancy there is no hope! I am habitually a bad sleeper; cannot do with noises, &c. at all: and the arrangements for sleep, in all German places where I have tried, are eminently unsuitable hitherto.—If you or any of your people could advise where a quiet bedroom was to be had in Berlin, that would be one of the valuablest favours! At all events, leave a line for me "Berlin, Poste restante"; that I may know at once whether you are in Town; and where to find you.—And now for the Sächsische Schweiz, and other confused journeyings!—Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea: Janr. 15, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your *Bülow's Leben*, with the kind letter in it, has come safe to hand: many thanks for so welcome and friendly a Gift, which so many others, a long list now, have preceded! It lay waiting for me here, on my return from a short sad visit I had made to Scotland, whither I had been called on the mournfullest errand,—the death of my aged, dear and excellent Mother, whose departure I witnessed on Christmas day; a scene which, as you can well believe, has filled me with emotions and reflexions ever since, and cannot for the rest of my life be forgotten. I have kept myself very silent, and as solitary as possible, ever since my return; looking out more earnestly towards new labour (if that might but be possible for me), as the one consolation in this and in all afflictions that can come. In the evenings of last week, three of them at least, I have read *Bülow*, as an agreeable halting-place for my

mind; and was very sorry last night when it ended upon me, as all things have to do.

You have given us a flowing Narration, in your old clear style; painted out a stormy battling Life-Pilgrimage, with many interesting particulars in it. Bülow was not much other than a Name to me before; but I possess him now on much closer terms: the man and the scene he worked in are very vividly brought out in this Book. Both in face and in character, I find him an intensely Prussian Physiognomy; really very interesting to me,—with his strange old Swedenborgian Father, his wild Brothers, and all his peculiar environments and personalities. Almost a type Prussian, as I said; reminding me of much that I saw, and guessed, among your military people, while among you.—Was that Tauentrien a kinsman of Frederick's Governor of Breslau? A most ridiculous figure he makes in that proposed duel with Bülow!

I have gone thro' great quantities of the dreariest Prussian reading since I saw you; but cannot boast to myself that Prussia or Vater Fritz becomes in the least clearer to me by the process. Human stupidity (with the pen, or with other implements in its hand) is extremely potent in this Universe! How I am to quit this Fritz after so much lost labour, is not clear to me; still less how I am ever to manage any Picture of him on those terms. Mirabeau, so far as I can see, is the only man of real *genius* that has ever spoken of him; and he only in that cursory and offhand way. In the end, I suppose I shall be reduced to Fritz's own letters and utterances, as my main resource, if I persist in this questionable enterprise. If I had been able to get any sleep in Germany my own eyes might still have done a good deal for me; but that also was not possible: the elements were too strong for so thin a skin; I was driven half-distracted after five or six weeks of that sort,—and to this hour the street of the *Linden*, and with it all Berlin, is incurably reversed to me; and I cannot bring the North side out of a *southern* posture in my fancy, let me do what I will. I remember Lobositz, however; I remember Kunersdorf too in a very impressive manner; and wish I had gone to Reinsberg, to Prag, to Leuthen, &c., &c.

My wife had a pleasant Note from Miss Wynne at Rome the other day: Rome seems full of interest to the two fair Tourists, and they are doing well,—in the middle of a large colony of English visitants, if other interests should fail. It is a very welcome hope of ours, at all times, to see Miss Wynne settled within easy reach of us again.

You must recommend me to Mademoiselle Solmar very kindly, if

you please: her kind politeness to me I often think of, with real regret that I was not in a condition to profit by it more: such goodness, coupled with such gracefulness,—what but five weeks of want of sleep could have rendered it of small use to a foreign wayfarer!

We are busy here, babbling about Turk wars, Palmerston resignation-reacceptances, Prince-Albert interferences &c. &c.,—with very trifling degree of wisdom, and to me with no interest whatever. London, England everywhere are swelling higher and higher with golden wealth, and the opulences which fools most prize;—London in particular is stretching itself out on every side, at a rate which to me is frightful and disgusting; for we are already two millions and more; and our new populations are by no means the beautifullest of the human species, but rather the greediest and hungriest from all ends of the Earth that are flocking towards us. We must take our destiny. "Unexampled prosperity," fools call it,—by no means I.—Yours ever with thanks,

T. CARLYLE.

Neuberg requested me lately to ask if you had got a copy of his *Heldenverehrung*, and to bid you demand one appointed at Decker's, if not.—Adieu.

Chelsea ——, Oct. 7, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your two notes to me,—for your kind thought in regard to that matter of *Voltaire at Frankfurt*. I already had a copy of that excellent little tract,—fruit of your goodness to me at its first appearance;—and have again studied it over, more than once, since these investigations began. It lies bound up with other interesting pieces of a kindred sort; ready for use when the time comes. But you are not to think this second copy wasted either; the little pamphlet itself I have already turned to good account for my interests;—and the facts of its being sent me on those terms has a value which I would not willingly part with.

How often have I wished that I had you here "as a Dictionary!" but there is nothing such attainable in these latitudes:—the truth is, I should have come to Berlin to write this book; but I did not candidly enough take measure of it, before starting, or admit to myself, what I dimly felt, how "*gewaltig*" an affair it was sure to be! In that case, I had probably never attempted it at all. Nobody can well like his own

performance worse than I in this instance, but it must be finished *taliter qualiter*. Nay, on the whole it needed to be done: the English are utterly, I may say disgracefully and stupidly *dark* about all Prussian and German things;—and it did behove that some Englishman should plunge, perhaps on his mere English resources, into that black gulph, and tear up some kind of human footpath that others might follow.—At any rate, I hope to get it done; and that will be reward enough for me after the horrible imprisonment I have had in it so long.

The *Edinburgh Review* on Goethe I have not seen: somebody told me it was by ——, whom you may remember: "Hat nichts zu bedeuten," there or here. Nor Lord Brougham's speculations on the *Great Friedrich* any more;—the speculations of Lord Brougham's horse are as well worth attending to. And indeed are about as much attended to by the best kind of people here! For I am happy to say, there is, sparingly discoverable, a class among us of a silent kind, much superior to that vocal one;—and many a "Palmerston," "Crimean War," &c., &c., as mirrored in the Newspapers and in the heads of these *Stillen im Lande* would surprise you by the contrasts offered. What they call "Liberty of the press" is become a thing not beautiful to look at in this country, to those who have eyes!

The Indian mutiny is an ominous rebuke. It seems probable they *will* get it beaten down again, but I observe those who know least about it make lightest of it. What would Friedrich Wilhelm have said to such an "army" as that black one has been *known* for thirty years past to be!—Miss Wynne has returned to us; bright as ever. Adieu, dear Sir, take care of yourself through the grim months.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

The little Ahlefeld book (tell Madame) is a great favourite here, as it deserves to be, with all who see it.

LETTERS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE TO AMELY BÖLTE, 1843–1849.

5, Cheyne Row: December 23, 1843.

Unmenschliche!—Are you become so inoculated with the commercial spirit of this England, that you will no longer write to me but on the debtor-and-creditor principle? Am I no longer to have any privileges—

moi? no longer to receive two or three or even four letters for one, in consideration of my worries and my indolence? So *you*, at least, seem to have resolved! But thank heaven there are still generous spirits among my correspondents who despise such balancing of accounts: who rain down letters on me "thick as autumnal leaves" without asking even whether I read them!—And you think no shame of yourself, cold-blooded calculating little German that you are!—Well then, open your ledger and set down now in black and white: "Mademoiselle Bölte debtor to Mrs. Carlyle—in one letter to be paid immediately—*no credit given.*"

What are you doing and thinking, and wishing, and hoping,— for in Devonshire I suppose people can still *hope*—even in December—here the thing is impossible. On the dark dismal fog which we open our eyes upon every morning, there is written as on the gate of the città dolente, *alias* Hell: "Lasciate ogni speranza voi che entrate." And many things besides speranza have to be thrown overboard as well. To keep one's soul and body together seems to be quite as much as one is up to under the circumstances. I attempt nothing more. As there is nothing which I so much detest as failure where I have willed, so I take precious care never to will anything as to which I have a presentiment of failing My husband is more imprudent, he goes on still *willing* to write this *Life of Cromwell* under the most desperate apprehension that it will "never come to anything"—and as if people had the use of their faculties in all states of the atmosphere! And so he does himself a deal of harm and nobody any good. He came into this room the other morning when I was sitting peaceably darning his stockings, and laid a great bundle of papers on my fire, enough to have kindled the chimney if it had not been, providentially, swept quite lately—the kindling of a chimney (as you in your German ignorance may perhaps not be aware) subjecting one here in London to the awful visitation of three fire-engines! besides a fine of five pounds! I fancied it the contents of his waste-paper-basket that he was ridding himself of by this summary process. But happening to look up at his face I saw in its grim concentrated self-complacency the astounding truth, that it was all his labour since he returned from Scotland that had been there sent up the vent, in smoke! "He had discovered over night" he said "that he must take up the *damnable thing* on quite a new tack!" Oh, a very *damnable thing* indeed! I tell you in secret, I begin to be seriously afraid that his *Life of Cromwell* is going to have the same strange fate as the child

of a certain French marchioness that I once read of, which never could *get* itself *born*, though carried about in her for twenty years till she died! A wit is said to have once asked this poor woman if "Madame was not thinking of swallowing a tutor for her son?" So one might ask Carlyle if he is not thinking of swallowing a publisher for his book? Only that he is too miserable, poor fellow, without the addition of being laughed at. In lamenting his slow progress, or rather non-progress he said to me one day with a naivete altogether touching, "Well! They may *twaddle* as they like about the miseries of a bad conscience: but I should like to know whether Judas Iscariot was *more* miserable than Thomas Carlyle who never did anything criminal, *so far as he remembers!*" Ah my dear, this is all very amusing to *write* about, but to *transact?* God help us well through it! And, as the Kilmarnock preacher prayed, "give us all a good conceit of ourselves," for this is what is chiefly wanted here at present! If my husband had half the conceit of himself which shines so conspicuous in some writers I could name, he would "take it *aisy*" and regenerate the world with rose-water (twaddle), as they do, instead of ruining his digestive organs in the manufacture of oil of vitriol for that purpose!

Your little friend Miss Swanwick called here the other day looking ineffably sweet! almost *too* sweet for practical purposes! "That minds me" (as my Helen says) I received by post a little while since a letter in a handwriting not new to me, but I could not tell in the first minutes whose it was. I read the first words: "Oh those bright sweet eyes!" I stop amazed, "as in presence of the Infinite!" *What* man had gone out of his wits? In what year of grace was I? What was it at all?—I looked for a signature—there was none! I turned to the beginning again and read a few words more: "There is no escaping their bewitching influence!" "Idiot!" said I, "whoever you be!" having now got up a due matronly rage! I read on however. "It is impossible that such eyes should be unaccompanied with a benevolent heart; could you not then intercede with the possessor of them to do me a kindness? The time of young ladies is in general so uselessly employed that I should think you would really be benefiting—Miss Swanwick (!) in persuading her to—translate for me those French laws on pawnbroking!" Now, the riddle was satisfactorily solved! The "bright sweet eyes" were none of *mine* but Miss Swanwick's; and the writer of the letter was Robertson who you may remember I told you raved about those same eyes—to a weariness! My virtuous-married-woman indignant *blushes* had been

entirely thrown away! It was too ridiculous! But could you have conceived of such stupidity—even among authors—as this of beginning a letter to one woman with an apostrophe to the eyes of another?

My German friend has returned from Germany safe and sound, and brought me thence a highly curious *gage d'amour*, which is causing a sort of general panic among my admirers. Old Sterling in particular is furious at it and likens it to the Devil's tail (where he saw the Devil's tail, whether at the *Times* newspaper-office, or in what other unholy place, I did not like to ask). The thing is the most splendid, most fantastical, altogether inconceivable—bell-rope! Made for me by the hands of Plattnauer's countess-sister. A countless number of little Chinese pagodas, of scarlet network festooned with white bugles, are threaded on a scarlet rope, ending in a "voluptuous" scarlet tassel, which again splits itself away into six little bugle-tassels! For three days and three nights I was in the dreadfullest perplexity what to do with it! To ring up one's one maidservant with *such* a bell-rope would have been an act of inconsistency all too glaring! besides I should have been always fearing when I pulled it that I should bring a shower of bugles about my ears! So I decided finally to give it a sinecure-place beside the drawing-room door, where there is no bell-wire but only a brass-headed nail to suspend it from! "Don't you admire it there?" I asked my husband after it was hung up. "Oh yes," said he, "certainly! —as a splendid solecism! as one admires a *beautiful idiot!*"

But it strikes me that considering your demerits, my dear, I am here writing you an absurdly long letter! The fact is that I have not, I find, got *quite* rid of what somebody described as "that damned thing called the milk of human kindness"—and I bethink me that on Christmas day you will be feeling sad more or less. When one is far from one's own land and own friends, those anniversaries, however they may be cheered for one by present kindness, always bring the past and distant strangely and cruelly near and make one long as one dares not long every day to be as one has been! A word of encouragement and sympathy from a fellow-sufferer under these anniversary-feelings may be some little comfort to you, at all rates it is such comfort as I have to give, and if I had any better you should have it with a blessing—and so this is why I write just to-day; because I mean that you should read my letter on Christmas!

Give my kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Buller and a kiss to Theresa, who I hope is striding through all departments of human

knowledge in seven-leagued boots and carrying all the cardinal virtues along with her!

I send you a little thing for good luck to your new year. And so I commend you to Providence and your own sound little judgment, which is a very good deputy for Providence on this earth—and remain with sincere good wishes very kindly yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

Bay House: Wednesday (1845).

Ah my dear little friend! I am so sorry for the disappointment that is awaiting you! and yet,—should I like that you were not to feel some disappointment on finding me no longer there to welcome you back? Certainly not. I shall have been here a fortnight on Saturday—how much longer we remain depends on others than me—for *me* I never can do long well in idleness—unless indeed in the idleness of Seaforth-House, which feels to be a sort of preparation for future exertion, a gathering of new strength from touching the bosom of Mother Earth. But at Seaforth-House it is not so much *idleness* as *indolence*—and the difference is immense. The one is a repose for the faculties, the other a strenuous waste of them. Mr. Charles Buller is here—no other visitor for the present besides ourselves.

Lady Harriet is perfectly kind to me and I *admire* her more and more, but do not feel to be more intimate with her. I fear she is too grand for ever letting herself be loved—at least by an insignificancy like me. I could love her immensely if she looked to care for it.

I have a very stupefying headache to-day and am afraid of having to betake myself to bed, but I would in the first place send you this scrap that you might have some shadow of a welcome from me on your return.

By and by I shall be back and then!—Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

5, Cheyne Row: (1848).

MY DEAR,—Having constituted yourself a little Providence for your friends you must take the consequence of being applied to in all sorts of contingencies. But you are a rash, *slap-dash* Providence, and your interventions often miscarry thro' this over-zeal. So I pray you not only to come to my aid with your good intentions, but to do it with a certain practical deliberation. My maid is going away and I must have another.

The reasons for my parting with her need not be stated here—enough that she is to go—and I must again endure the horrors of a household-revolution, a hateful thought, just now, whilst I am still confined to the house, and good for so little in it.

By communicating my want to the tradespeople or by putting an advertisement in the newspapers I might have plenty of servants sent me *to look at*,—but such over-plenty! and a chance whether *one* would be found among them worth the trouble of investigating—and this year I have not poor Christie to receive the whole swarm and send me only such as seemed to have some feasibility for my purposes.

Miss Wynne has a Welsh-woman out of a situation of whom she spoke to me some time since, in case of my hearing of a place for her; but she does not think her adequate to my own service. Though she says so much good of her that I have begged her to let me at least judge of her with my own two eyes.

It would be a kindness to me then if you would inquire among your acquaintance if what Mr. Buller calls "a treasure" be known to any of them. You should know by this time the sort of person I need—and such a one is more likely to be heard of among your poorer acquaintance than the rich ones. A servant out of a fine house would not content herself in mine nor could I ever reconcile myself to the ways of such a one.

If you hear of any, write to me and tell me her particulars *before* sending her here—for there is great awkwardness in refusing any one sent, when one don't like her on examination.

There are Servants' Homes and Places I believe where one can have choice on paying something. But I am not well enough to venture out yet on such errands. My cough has been worse of late days and I have had mustard blisters on and been bothered considerably.

Lady Harriet was here yesterday and met Miss Wynne at the parlour door. I never saw two such tall women in my room together.—Ever affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

Epsom: Sunday, Febr. 18, 1849.

MY DEAR AMALIE,—I am still here with no particular wish to return to London. Nevertheless as we live in a conditional world with duties to do better and worse—and "forms of Society" to attend to, and above all a lot of silverspoons to look after, it behoves me to go back to-

morrow. Then the first business requiring my attention may have to be transacted with you yourself. I shall call for you to-morrow betwixt 2 and 3 p.m., when I hope it will not be inconvenient for you to receive me for a few minutes. Don't get into any apprehensions that I am empowered to make any proposal to you of either legitimate or illegitimate nature, having no superfluity of lovers on hand at present, while people are so universally occupied with politics.

But times may mend for us women—one lives in hope.—Meanwhile it is an innocent little concern of a daily soreness I have to speak about. You having always plenty of that sort of things which it is a convenience to yourself as well as to others to dispose of.—Beauty to be dispensed with.—Affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Friday, March (1849).

You divined perfectly right, Dear, as to the *intention* part of it; Lady A. was to "take me with her to Addiscombe" and we were to have gone yesterday, to stay till Monday or Sunday, as I meant to have told you in time to spare you a vain journey on Sunday.

But Lady A. felt too unwell yesterday for making a journey in such bitter cold—so put off till to-day, and to-day I have another note from her putting off into the vague. I am thankful; though I should have stood to my engagement I was wishing greatly I had not made it—this weather taking all spirit of enterprise out of me.

Thanks for the offer of Music, but I found the only concert of that sort I ever tried dreadfully wearisome and besides a concert-room in this weather! Oh my dear! "Dinna speak o' it!"

Yesterday on my way to Oxford Street in quest of warm stockings I called on your milliner—but saw nothing to excite my cupidity. Besides, the things seemed to me much about the usual shop-price!

Thanks for all your "delicate attentions." I rather wish you *had* been "a man," for if anything could rouse a spirit in one it would surely be the getting oneself "eloped with" and I think *you* understand me better than any male lover ever did—hang them all!—Your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

(August 6, 1849).

Thanks Dear. I send the address to Countess Pepoli by this post, and yours,—and she can communicate with you on the not-young lady herself—or await my return on Monday if she likes that best.

As for Figgy—do not name that little viper to me again! And if you wish to avoid serious difficulties material as well as moral you will let her and her concerns alone. I find anybody furious at what is considered your impertinent and ill-intentioned interference with her—for she herself makes herself a merit with the others of *showing you up!* She took the last I must say very ill-advised letter you wrote her to Captain Robinson and said, "See here what an impertinent and most improper letter Miss Bölte has written to me. I mean to write to her that she is to send me no more such letters and that my mind is quite made up to go to India"—and she writes to Henning (he had all the letters here yesterday) that she is quite satisfied that going to India is best, &c. &c.—to buy a certain dog for her she had seen in the Park; and to get her a new dress. Pray keep from mixing yourself further in the concerns of such a little traitor or it will be the worse for you. Lady A. is highly indignant at the unauthorized use made of her name. *I* also might be a little indignant at having mine used in inciting the wretch to open rebellion. But that you are the most indiscreet little woman in the world is no news to me! I did not mean to have told you anything of all this till I could do it vivâ voce, but having to write at any rate I may as well put you on your guard, and advise you to give over meddling in what you cannot mend.—Ever yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

All you say to Figgy out of mistaken compassion is repeated to Henning and Capt. Robinson &c. and you are made to look a sort of Demon lying in wait for her soul. So pray be quiet if you can.

5, Cheyne Row: Aug. 14, 1849.

MY POOR LITTLE WOMAN!—I can quite understand your intention "to scream"—I have the same feeling myself very often—a notion to *scream* for four and twenty hours without stopping!—not over the treachery of one good for nothing Figgy but over the treachery of the species generally—and indeed over what Mr. Carlyle calls "the whole infernal caudle of things"! What *I* object to is not so much what I call your indiscretion as a certain heedlessness of judgment—through which you fly at helping everybody in every difficulty without having first satisfied yourself that the difficulty is soluble, or the person capable of having it solved—for you know the proverb "one man may take a horse to the water but twenty cannot make it drink." And where one

tries to lead a girl without truth or affection like Figgy by noble ways to noble aims, it is a labour which a little consideration of the laws of nature might have spared one. All the trouble you take for an unhelpable person is so much out of the pocket of some other who could have been helped. But you have heard enough of Figgy for the present I should think—I shall merely add that I have taken upon me to send those letters of hers to Lady Ashburton (desiring to have them back) that she might see how little the correspondence was of *your* seeking—and how detestably the girl had behaved to you. Her guardians talked much of their determination to put an end to your "interference" with her. I said the girl had done that herself I should suppose, when she carried your letter to Capt. R. and declared she would "*order* you to write to *her* (!) no more in such a foolish strain"—that if you found her worth interfering with *after that* you must be fit for Bedlam!

Capt. R. was going to write to you they said—whoever writes to you and whatever they say, I advise you to hold your peace altogether—if permissible—if you must answer something to make your words as few and cold and impassible as you can.

I did something after your energetic fashion last night; Miss Heerman came to me at seven, to say she must decide about the other situation to-day—I liked her appearance and manner very much and so did Mr. Carlyle. So rather than let her slip through their fingers, I put on my things tired as I was with my journey and walked off with her through the dark lanes to Countess Pepoli at Kensington. She was in a great quantum of indecision but promised to settle the matter in the morning—and she did—at eleven she came here, having first been to Miss Heerman, to tell me she had engaged her. I hope it will answer on both sides. I wish Capt. S. had got her—he thinks his fat lump sadly ignorant.

The habit-shirt is a great hit!—the very sort of thing I have wanted for long—something that would cover my neck, which looks very bad at this date, and at the same time not give one the appearance of having a sore throat. Thank you heartily for your pains.

My maid was so glad to have me back and had everything so clean! A real jewel she is! For *her* too I have to thank you every day. *I*, you see, am one of *the* helpable, so you had better stick to helping *me* in my various needs. I will go to see you some morning, if the weather mend before Sunday.—Ever affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

OUR PARISH IN IRELAND.

IT was my fate to live for many years in the parish of Tubbermore, in the South of Ireland. The natural features of that part of the country are beautiful. Gently swelling hills rise along the bank of a noble river in whose waters lurk the stately salmon and the playful trout. The hill tops are ruddy with heather, their sides emerald with pastures, or clothed with luxuriant woods through which for centuries have ranged wild herds of graceful fallow deer. The town of Kilcotty, once a centre of the woollen trade and famous for the stubborn resistance it offered to the onslaught of the pitiless Cromwell and his Ironsides, sits comfortably ensconced on the banks of the rushing river, which affords a convenient waterway from the sea, for barges laden with coal, flour, and other necessaries. But with the attractions and advantages bygone and present of Kilcotty I am not now concerned, for Kilcotty was three Irish miles distant from Tubbermore, with which we are at present more particularly occupied. The parish was protected from northern winds by the gaunt shoulders of a mountain greatly resembling a Brobdignagian mole-hill, which mountain was famous in Irish legend and Irish history. On its top the great Finn McCoul had taken his station when all the lovely Irish Princesses raced to win his hand. But Finn whispered to the fairest of them all, the lovely Grania, that "the more haste the worse speed," and said if she started at a walking pace she would be sure to arrive first at the mountain top, as those who ran would quickly lose breath and sink down exhausted. And Grania took the hint and so became the wife of the famous Finn McCoul. The slopes of the mountain were not rich in vegetation but were fertile in localities celebrated for the crimes of more than usual treachery and atrocity that had there been perpetrated by the interesting children of Erin, whose descendants in the days of the Land League proved themselves no unworthy progeny of sires who had stained the land with deeds of bloodshed and barbarity.

An Irish bard, in some verses in praise of his country, has introduced with probably unconscious irony the lines—

"The farther off I go
The more I love my Irish earth."

Unhappily the remark is often too true as referred to the country in general, but apart from the crimes that had from time to time disfigured the parish of Tubbermore, it was really a fair and pleasant country and did not need distance to lend enchantment to its view.

The little church of the parish was picturesquely placed beside the clear and rapid river, but the edifice itself was ingeniously ugly, as are most country churches in Ireland. The body of the building was narrow and badly proportioned, and the squat, battlemented tower appended to it did not at all add to the symmetry of the whole. The south side of the small churchyard was crowded with graves clustering around the ivy-clad ruins of an ancient chapel. This was the burying place of the Roman Catholics ; in death as in life, Protestants and Catholics shunned and avoided each other. Portions of Catholic bones and skulls were plentifully scattered over this part of the enclosure, and coffin was piled on coffin till within but a very few inches of the surface, for no good Catholic would allow his bones to be contaminated by contact with those of his heretic neighbour; which was fortunate for the heretics, whose remains were not disturbed, as they had plenty of space to themselves on the north side of the approach to the church porch. To this homely little pile a small band of Protestants were wont to wend their way on Sabbath mornings, to be edified by the ministrations of the Reverend Thomas O'Toole.

This worthy man had been the incumbent for many years, and was perhaps an unfavourable specimen of a profession the generality of whom, in position, manners, and education, were far below their brethren in England. Mr. O'Toole was a tall gaunt man, lean and ill-favoured, with wild unkempt locks, and a straggling grey beard that always looked as if it had just been blown about by a high wind. An absence of linen and palpable disinclination to the use of soap and water did not tend to the improvement of an appearance that must have been unpleasing at the best. Poor Mr. O'Toole was hampered by a wife, a large family, and a very small income. The living was worth but two hundred a year, and glebe house there was none, so he had to reside in Kilcotty, which was the nearest place where a house could be had. Providence had

dealt hardly with him; not only were his means small and his offspring numerous, but the latter were hopelessly healthy, so there seemed no chance that "the kirkyard would stand his friend," as the Scotch woman who had been similarly blessed piously thanked Heaven it had done in her case. Mr. O'Toole was alive to the grievance and frequently lamented over the sorry way in which fortune had treated him.

"The great mistake I made in loife, me dear sor," observed he to one of his flock, "was in marr'ing so young, but when I did so I was *welt assured* that Sarah was consumptive!" Sarah, however, had deceived him, and lived to present him with olive branch after olive branch for many a long year.

Mr. O'Toole had a mighty gift of preaching. It was my lot in early youth to "sit under him," and well I remember the thrill of dismay he often sent through me when, as a child, I listened to one of the lurid effusions in which he portrayed the torments of the damned—a theme on which he especially delighted to enlarge—which torments he seemed to consider were more particularly reserved for his congregation. When exhausted by his own eloquence he would mop his heated brow, and point silently downwards, indicating the path his hearers must inevitably pursue, till at last I grew to feel a mysterious awe of the spot beneath the pulpit, having a vague impression that it must be the direct entrance to the infernal regions.

"Ye desave yourselves," Mr. O'Toole would proclaim in a voice of thunder, "and all desaves themselves who imagines they'll escape the lowest abyss of the pit of damnation. That's a horrible idea," concluded he, surveying his flock with a grim smile.

Not that he always took such a gloomy view of the fate awaiting his parishioners. "Ye're polluted worms and as proud as the devil," he assured us, but added, "nevertheless you may hope for mercy, even if you're as great sinners as cursing Peter or blaspheming Saul!" Unpleasant epithets were so frequently applied to us from the pulpit, that we grew comparatively indifferent to most of them; we did not object to being called worms, but hearing ourselves described as "polluted worms" was felt to be unflattering. However, though we might resent the comparison, our vanity was consoled by finding that after all Mr. O'Toole did not contemplate our having reached the depth of depravity he seemed to consider had been attained by St. Peter and St. Paul.

It would be interesting if the real view taken by the majority of

Irish Protestants of those whom their Church distinguishes as saints could be ascertained. If Mr. O'Toole's opinion might be taken as any criterion of that of his brethren, it would seem as though the title saint implied "One who is a warning of what ought to be avoided."

All the clergy, however, certainly do not take this view of the question, but, on the contrary, appear to regard a saint as a being particularly entitled to compassion. An excellent parson in an adjoining parish never mentioned any saint except with profound pity, always speaking of the Apostles as "pore Peter," "pore Paul," and so on.

Among the most striking of Mr. O'Toole's sermons was that with which he favoured us regularly every New Year's Day. In it he drew a mournful picture of all the changes for the worse that had taken place in his congregation during the past year. "Those who this time last year were hale and hearty," he exclaimed, "I now see come tottering and on crutches up the aisle of this church; those who then were strong and vigorous I now perceive before me pale and emaciated; those who were a twelvemonth ago rich and prosperous I now behold poverty-stricken and cast down. How many among us have become orphans, widows, childless, and friendless during the past twelve months! Oh! me dear brethren, how awfully sudden, unexpected, and appalling have been these visitations. Who can tell which among us it may not be the turn of next; who can say that he himself may not be the next to be taken!"

Unfortunately for Mr. O'Toole the point of this sermon was entirely blunted by the fact that for many years no such reverses as he deplored had befallen any of the parishioners, who in numbers were extremely small, and unless New Year's Day happened to fall on a Sunday there were never more than six persons present when this sermon was delivered, and these six were in excellent health and the even tenor of their lives had glided by unruffled for many years. The line between the sublime and the ridiculous is proverbially a narrow one; in this instance it was so glaringly overstepped that none of us succeeded in preserving our gravity and endeavoured as best we could to conceal our smiles in our pocket-handkerchiefs. The effort was crowned with undreamt-of success, and Mr. O'Toole flattered himself that he had moved us even to tears. "Me dear sor," he afterwards observed to a friend, "to show you the effect that may be produced by a sermon, on New Year's Day Mrs. Sinclair and her interesting family were so overcome by me description of the changes and chances of this mortal life

that, 'pon me word, they were all dissolved in tears. I was sorry for their distress, indeed thin I was, and I cut me sermon so short that it destroyed the sinse, and I only hope it wasn't observed."

Another favourite theme was the wrongs of the Irish Protestants. "Their heads are broken at elections," remarked he in a discourse with which we were frequently favoured, "they are hunted like *pattridges* on the mountains, and they have to take refuge in the *ratwins* of the rocks!" These anti-Papistical sermons were composed with a view to earning favourable notice and a better living from the Bishop of the diocese, who at that time, though an excellent man, was what is called in Ireland a "Black Protestant," and who frequently displayed more party zeal than wisdom in the choice he made of those selected for preferment. With regard to Mr. O'Toole, however, his lordship proved a "deaf adder," and refused to be charmed, let him rant and rave against Papists as he would.

A famous cardinal happening to depart this life, our vicar seized the occasion for a thrilling discourse beginning, "A dignitary of the Romish Church has just died, his soul must be somewher'—where's that?" and before the ending his hearers were left in little doubt as to where the abode of that departed soul was, at any rate in Mr. O'Toole's opinion. But even this had no effect upon the obdurate Bishop, after which Mr. O'Toole gave up all hopes of winning episcopal favour, and even expressed doubts as to the ultimate destination of the right reverend prelate himself.

He then tried to move the Government to a due sense of his merits. Petition after petition in Mr. O'Toole's handwriting, purporting to be from "We the undersigned landed proprietors and parishioners of the parish of Tubbermore," and signed by the clerk, his wife, and daughter, and the sextoness (a Roman Catholic), poured in on the members of the Executive. Innumerable reasons were given why it was indispensable to the honour of Government that Mr. O'Toole should forthwith be presented to the fattest living in its gift. The reasons were more original than weighty. One was that he had "a large adult family to be educated," another that he had refrained from joining the Fenian conspiracy, but, on the contrary, had "evinced his *great loyalty* during the late troublous times." A third argument was that he had "disseminated in his church and parish the large number of *twenty thousand* religious tracts and useful publications for the many good purposes they were intended for." All the reasons urged were of similar nature and

importance. Again it was vain. Lord Lieutenant, Chief Secretary, and all the lesser Castle fry were heedless of Mr. O'Toole's entreaties, and he still remained vicar of Tubbermore. The rubric obliged him to read the prayer for "the Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor of Ireland" every Sunday and holiday, but thenceforward there was a marked diminution in the fervency with which it was uttered. In his way, Thompson, the clerk, was also an original character. Besides acting as clerk, Thompson was also the village schoolmaster, and his having been for some time an inmate of a lunatic asylum, and having for years been subject to repeated attacks of *delirium tremens*, did not interfere with his holding these posts. "Honour'd Ma'am," he one day hastily wrote on a sheet torn from a copy book, "I feel I shall certainly go mad unless I am immediately sent to a lunatic asylum." This note he sent to the patroness of the school, who desired a car to be placed at Thompson's disposal, and the worthy schoolmaster was driven off to the neighbouring asylum in Kilcotty. There he stayed for some months, till growing weary of the confinement he wrote on the fly-leaf of a book Mrs. Sinclair (the patroness of the school) had given her estimable favourite to amuse him during his seclusion, "Honour'd Ma'am, I shall inevitably go mad unless I am instantly taken out of this abominable place." A car was again sent for Thompson, he returned to the school, and there remained for six and twenty years, instructing the youth of the neighbourhood, and leading the devotions of the congregation, whenever not incapacitated from the performance of these duties by one of his oft-recurring attacks of *D.T.* This honest man had a wife, who, if rumour did not malign her, assisted her husband in his potations as well as in his scholastic labours, she being the schoolmistress. Mrs. Thompson's bed was not altogether one of roses. Thompson was sometimes quarrelsome in his cups, and then the couple would come to blows. After one of these battles Mrs. Thompson used stealthily to resort to Mrs. Sinclair to complain of her husband's brutality. That lady was thereupon constrained to reprimand the model schoolmaster, who always received the rebuke with floods of tears and solemn vows of future amendment, which promises he carried into instant execution by laying his hand on his wife's arm and addressing her as "Mary, me lovey," accompanying the caress by a severe pinch inflicted before the unsuspecting eyes of the lady patroness herself.

Mr. O'Toole and Thompson were devoted friends and allies, and both were decided favourites with their neighbours of the lower orders.

The Irish have an undoubted sympathy with, and liking for, a disreputable character *per se.* A gentleman who drinks, swears, squanders his money, and allows himself to be cheated, is usually a hero in their eyes. A poor man who is a drunkard and probably also addicted to petty thieving is popular among them, whilst the surest way for one of the upper orders to make himself disliked by his compatriots is for him to be unbendingly just and circumspect in his dealings, careless of popularity, and indifferent to the opinion of braggarts and knaves. The man of humble rank who is honest, sober, and straightforward is almost certain to be feared and shunned by his fellows. But apart from all this, and in spite of the absence of many of the finer qualities, such as truthfulness and gratitude, from the national character, the Irish people have an undeniable charm, difficult to define, but possibly over and above the fascination of manner, consisting in a power of superficial sympathy with what appeals to them at the moment, and an instinctive poetic temperament that leads them to be carried away by ideals, faulty though such often are.

The indulgence to drunkards is carried very far, and often shown practically. In Tubbermore lived a certain Father O'Leary, who subsisted very much in the manner formerly called "coshering," that is, he wandered from house to house, living in each alternately, and receiving board and lodging free. Although a Roman Catholic priest, he did not wear the dress of his order, having been suspended by his Bishop for drunkenness. He wandered about with sullen and downcast looks, clad in the rags and tatters of the class from which he had sprung. A more evil-countenanced or forbidding-looking individual it would have been hard to find, and his character did not belie his appearance; nevertheless he was a decided favourite amongst the peasantry, who always saluted him with profound respect, and spoke of him with tender sympathy. "Poor Father O'Leary, but he's an honest poor man, and if he do like a drop now and thin, there's not a bit of pride in him, God bless him!" One day, when intoxicated, Father O'Leary mistook the river for the road and walked straight into it, and there he was found a few hours afterwards, livid and stiff, lying face downwards in a deep brown pool, shaded by ash trees.

To return to Mr. O'Toole. The intercourse between him and Mrs. Sinclair, his principal parishioner, was limited to an annual visit, made by the pastor in his professional capacity, but frank and open-hearted appeals for pecuniary assistance were frequent, and were made

in every shape in which a pretext for an application could present itself. Now a son was going to school and wanted an outfit; again, a prospect of the marriage of a daughter presented itself and a trousseau must be bought; or Mrs. O'Toole's health was delicate and money was required to take her to the seaside. Nor was Mrs. O'Toole behindhand in the Christian endeavour to give a practical outlet to Mrs. Sinclair's charity, her appeals being nearly as frequent and pressing as those of her worse half. One of these letters (the only one, by the way, not asking for money) was so original that I give it at length.

KILCOTTY,
March 24th, 18—.

MY DEAR MRS. SINCLAIR,—You will be sorry to hear that my daughter Susan is in trouble, she has been bereaved of *the Dr.* in Dublin, who for the last two years has been attached to her. Tho' of a Roman Catholic family he was *very enlightened*, and thro' all the mists and superstitions of their false creed was a *true believer*. However I must candidly tell you I had *great* objections to the union in consequence of the bigotry of the family connexion. See my dear Mrs. Sinclair the power of prayer—I committed the case to the Lord; poor Susan is in great grief, but she will be led to see it is for the best, and I trust change of air will calm her and *time* will enable her to reason that the Lord *does all things well.* Mr. O'Toole joins me and also my girls in kindest regards to you and your dear daughters. Believe me, dear Mrs. Sinclair, yours very sincerely,

SARAH O'TOOLE.

As this letter contained the first information Mrs. Sinclair had received of the existence of such an individual as "the Dr. in Dublin," she could not of course feel any lively sorrow for his fate, but the reason given for his untimely demise would not fail to excite interest. If the potency of prayer were as dangerous as Mrs. O'Toole held, it might fare hardly with the poor woman herself, should Mr. O'Toole gain an inkling of the weapon at hand, now that he saw the hopes he had grounded on her consumptive tendencies were fallacious.

Immediately after service on the Sunday after the receipt of this letter, the O'Toole family rushed up to the Sinclairs, pouring forth voluble lamentations over the doctor's untimely end.

"Oh! Miss Sinclair," exclaimed Miss Bessie O'Toole in a loud whisper, "did ye never remark that locket that *Soosan* wears round her neck? The doctor's photograph is in it, and whenever she looks at it now, she roars!"

In spite of such deep sorrow for the man of pills and powders, Miss O'Toole was not long before showing a wish that the vacant place in her

bereaved heart should remain untenanted as short a time as possible. She laid desperate siege to a bilious-looking and threadbare young photographer, but he took fright, gathered up his camera and collection, and fled from Kilcotty. It was a garrison town, and the height of the Misses O'Toole's ambition was to make acquaintance with some unfledged sub-lieutenant on whom to exercise their fascinations.

But to accomplish this was not the easy task that might be supposed. So scanty were the charms of the O'Toole sisterhood that though they "tired their heads," and sat at their window giggling and tittering in their most irresistible manner whenever "one of the army" came in sight, sometimes even going the length of kissing their hands or flinging a flower from their palpitating bosoms, to the astonished warrior, their blandishments were in vain; they never succeeded in inveigling a son of Mars into their net, and finally had to stoop to less ambitious game.

The first startling change that I remember in Tubbermore Church was the dismissal of Thompson, who, after thirty years of intermittent intoxication, was one fine day dismissed by Mrs. Sinclair for having once been drunk. After his departure changes followed thick and fast, till at length came the sweeping measure by which Ireland in general was deprived of an Established Church, and Tubbermore in particular of the ministrations of Mr. O'Toole, for that gentleman was amongst the first to avail himself of the advantages attending the mysterious process known as compounding and commuting.

The O'Tooles now live at a watering place greatly patronised by the beauty and fashion among the middle classes and shopkeepers of the county. Before leaving Mr. O'Toole got up a testimonial to himself, to which the parishioners gladly subscribed in gratitude for his departure. Mrs. O'Toole still lives, her husband not having yet discovered "the power of prayer." A report reached the parish that Miss "Soosan" had succeeded in enslaving a respectable retired coastguardsman, who had distinguished himself on some occasion by acting as cook on board an admiral's flagship.

A highly orthodox and very dull divine occupies the pulpit once racy with the utterances of the Rev. Thomas O'Toole, and most of the humours of Tubbermore are now reckoned amongst the things of the past.

EDITH BLAKE.

LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

LITERATURE.

THE publication of a new volume by the most distinguished author now extant anywhere is an event of such importance that I am tempted to dedicate the whole of this article to a consideration of Lord Tennyson's drama of *The Foresters* (Macmillan). By the time, however, that these words reach my readers that charming poem will have been read by everybody, and have been commented upon to satiety. It would seem that if we can only preserve Lord Tennyson amongst us long enough we shall in due course receive from him a masterpiece in every province of poetical literature. In *The Foresters*, once more, he breaks ground which is quite new to him. This is, in the true sense, a pastoral, for in England, where shepherds are apt to be frowsy customers, tall outlaws in the Lincoln green properly assume their place. They are preferable to anglers, who have figured in pastoral drama in the Italy of Ongaro and the England of Phineas Fletcher, since it is the business of fishermen to stand perfectly still, while foresters may, and indeed should, bustle about more dramatically than even shepherds.

Never having agreed with the critics who denied the theatrical instinct to Lord Tennyson, I am unable to share their surprise at finding his sixth play eminently actable. He is not, indeed, and does not aim at being, a snap-shot playwright of the new school, but he continues the poetical tradition of our stage, and he does so with consistency and skill. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of his sustained intellectual vitality is his tact, his capacity for constantly considering what his public requires, and learning how to supply it. No writer of Lord Tennyson's years has, perhaps, ever been so supple as he is, except Sophocles, of whom it was said that his latest form of diction was that which was most expressive of character, and best for dramatic purposes.

In adopting pastoral, however, Lord Tennyson has chosen to work in a style where pre-eminence might be attained by talents less fresh and elastic than his, for his competitors here are few and frigid. In England, —even in the Jacobean age, when everything encouraged this sort of art,—our pastorals have been few, and rather lyric than dramatic. The famous poems of Fletcher and Ben Jonson are successful only where they are purely lyrical; Allan Ramsay's meritorious piece is flat and homely; Gay was a mere *farceur* with an eye for natural phenomena. There is not a shadow of extravagance in saying that *The Foresters* is the most dramatic pastoral yet written in the English language.

It was to a dramatist that we owed the introduction of Maid Marian to Robin Hood. In the genuine ballads of the *Geste*, the solid society under the greenwood tree is not cheered by female companionship in any form. There were ancient stories about Friar Tuck and Maid Marian, but not in connection with Robin Hood, and the earliest ballad in which the lovers are mentioned together is a very poor doggerel piece, composed later than the time of Shakespeare, and founded, as is now believed, not on any popular tradition, but on two romantic plays, *The Downfall* and *The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon*, by Anthony Munday. The story which an Elizabethan playwright gave us then a Victorian playwright immortalises, and Maid Marian becomes doubly a creation of the footlights. Of the freshness of *The Foresters*, of the melodies that pass ringing through its leafy avenues, of the delicate art of its construction, there is really no need that in this poor notice I should speak. It is Lord Tennyson's, and fully worthy of him; in saying that, all is said, and we have but to sit down to our banquet under the boughs with great content.

On the title-page of *Marah* (Longmans) appears once more the old pseudonym, Owen Meredith. Everybody, even in this age of stereotyped opinion, must speak for himself, and I will confess that those syllables still mean for me,—as they did when I was a lad at school—melody, warmth, an Oriental flush, the Lydian measure. In this latest volume of Lord Lytton's lyrics, I find no great diminution of the romantic charm, in some respects, even, the poetry is less diluted by extra-poetic elements than it had lately been. To those who sincerely deny that Robert, Lord Lytton, was a poet, I should like to read the two stanzas of *Omens and Oracles*, with its enchanting music of passion, or the fantastic hymn to "Selene." If my audience were still unconvinced, we should have to agree to differ. What the young lions who war

against Owen Meredith miss, I suppose, is the personal touch, the sharp line of the dry point. That, I freely admit, is absent; but his very marked individuality is none the less characteristically indicated by the mezzotint effect, the voluptuous even softness of tone.

Mr. Wilfred Blunt, I am sorry to see, attributes to political prejudice the variety of praise and blame evoked by the second Lord Lytton's poetry. I cannot but smile to think of the answer Mr. Charles J. Yellowplush made to a similar complaint by the first Lord Lytton. "For shame, Barnet!" said that candid creature, "what ninnis, what hartless raskles you must beleave the critix to be,—in the fust plase, to fancy that you are a politticle genus; in the secknd, to let your politix interfear with their notiums about littery merits!" I am not in the way of knowing backstair secrets, but I do happen to be aware that the most savage anonymous attack which I ever saw made on the poetry of the late Lord Lytton was written by a critic closely allied with him in political opinion. But is not Mr. Wilfred Blunt saying one word for Lord Lytton and two for himself?

The advertisements inform us that her Majesty the Queen, Mr. Gladstone, and other "fashionables" delight in the novels of Miss Marie Corelli. I like, in my humble way, to be in the fashion, and I have therefore read *The Soul of Lilith* (Bentley). That the writer is clever no one will think of denying, nor that she has a fine flow of rhetorical English, although, to my poor taste, she allows herself a too libertine profusion of adjectives. But what a theme, and what a treatment of that theme! An Arab girl, Lilith, dies in the arms of a gaudy person of the name of El-Râmi, who injects an elixir called Electroflamma into her veins, and "to a certain extent" brings her to life and to London. Has Lilith, under these conditions, a soul, and if so, what can she do with it?—these are the problems. I am utterly bewildered, for I am unable to divine whether Miss Corelli is a humorist or no. I should think that she must be, if, with all the array of mock-physics and mock philosophy, there were not mingled discussion of serious things at which I can hardly believe that a lady would joke. I never read a book more sumptuous, more inconsequent, or more unsubstantial, and I am lost in admiration at the smartness of Miss Corelli, who is able to produce so perfectly the kind of thing that a majority of the public demands. For myself, I was not born to this magnificence, and when the crystal Disc pours a prismatic radiance on "the beautiful room, glowing with its regal hues of gold and purple," and when wicked dukes and earls are thrown out

in basketfuls, like puppies, I would fain be alone with Miss Mary Wilkins by the river-side. I have but one reproach to make to Miss Marie Corelli. From some remarks which appear in Vol. II. of *The Soul of Lilith*, I gather that although she "writes books which the public clamour for and read, and for which she receives large sums of money," and although "she is, or is supposed to be, what the world calls 'famous,'" yet she is not perfectly happy, because certain small male critics refrain from praising her books. I think this unworthy of Miss Marie Corelli, who expects too much. She ought to be above such irritability. She should thank Heaven for her cheques and her puffs, and let those foolish yeomen go.

This seems to have been a very dull month for fiction, but a relation of mine, who reads everything, tells me that the praiseworthy novels of the moment are Mr. George Gissing's *Denzil Quarrier* (Lawrence and Bullen) and *A Question of Taste* (Heinemann), by the very clever Dutchman who calls himself "Maarten Maartens," and who writes English with the best of us. Under the title of *The Philosopher's Window* (A. and C. Black) Lady Lindsay has published a graceful collection of tales. Everyone, I hope, will read that pathetic fragment, *An Average Woman*, three or four short Western stories, by our latest Marcellus, Wolcott Balestier (Heinemann), with an exquisite elegiac setting from the pen of Mr. Henry James. The power of "Reffey," the subtlety of "Captain, my Captain," gave, or I am much mistaken, a promise such as we have rarely seen.

This jaded island of ours still presides, now and then, over the birth of adventurers of the real heroic sort. The phantom of the great Sir Dudley would have risen up and have named his latest descendant worthy of her blood. No recent book of travels has, to my mind, approached Miss Marianne North's *Recollections of a Happy Life* (Macmillan) for freshness and charm. The intrepid spirit of this lady, her buoyant gaiety, her hatred of all that is dull, cold, and narrow, her firm hold upon the cords of life,—all this is cheering beyond praise. Some thrill of the enthusiasm which carried her through all her fatigues, the collector's fervour which made a sporting character of her, I can feel by heredity, though unworthy of my birthright. Her chase after the flowers outlasted that of Ferdinando after the mottoes, and we follow her with unexhausted interest through her unparalleled journeyings—

"Patagonia, China, Norway,—
Till at last she sinks exhausted at a pastrycook his doorway."

One point of considerable interest is to be noted. During her lifetime Miss North used to be spoken of as an artist, and in truth she produced botanical diagrams of unrivalled accuracy, brilliantly coloured beside the very cradles of those rich exotics. Yet all this, as one always had to confess, was science and not art. But the curious thing is that while it was impossible, by any straining of the term, to call her an artist, it now appears that she was a writer in the truest sense, one who possessed to a very rare degree the power of observation, and of graceful, appropriate, and succinct expression of what she observed. Her style, unstudied as it is, is of a distinguished excellence; she has always the right word, and not more than the right word; her narrative hastens, yet never hurries; its variety of texture is charming; and as we read, we see. It only remains for me to add that another of the Norths, Mrs. John Addington Symonds, edits this precious autobiography with perfect skill and tact.

The interest which is ever more and more widely felt in the genius of John Keats is a full excuse for the *Life and Letters of Joseph Severn* (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.), which Mr. W. Sharp has published. Not much is here told about Keats to which Lord Houghton, Mr. Colvin, and Mr. Forman had not access, but there are valuable fresh details, and it is interesting to have the ever-pathetic tale repeated from a new point of view. In Severn, outside his love for his friend, I find but little to awaken enthusiasm or curiosity, but that love alone is enough to secure for him a minute immortality. His name will live on, for he was the faithful satellite of one of the planets of our literature.

How it may be with others I know not, but for me current prose literature has no pleasures quite so acute as those which a new volume of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's essays gives me. The last was "Memories and Portraits," in 1887, and I am still tingling with sensations from "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured." The devoted and jealous Stevensonians, those who rage with unreasonable wrath because he *will* discourse about the political history of niggers, and write stories in collaboration with the members of his family, may rejoice to be assured that *Across the Plains* (Chatto and Windus) is, for once, all that they demand from their freakish idol. Purer Stevenson, or of a brighter metal, was never forged than will be found in "Random Memories"; none with a more beautiful, earnest philosophy than in "The Lantern-Bearers"; none more exquisitely vivid than in the long chronicle of travel which gives its name to the volume. I hardly know where, in recent literature, to look for pages

more gallant or more poignant than those which describe how the author, in delicate health, alone, sensitively alive to every discomfort and every incident of squalor, crossed America, from New York to San Francisco, in a crowded emigrant train. It is wonderful, and as good as fifty sermons, to see how bravely the intellectual man sustained this horrid trial, how keen the jaded eye remained, how tender the strained and affronted heart. Yet all the time we are asking ourselves how dared Fate torture this ethereal being to provide us with a literary holiday. In the latest essays of this volume I find a Stevenson I did not know before, and do not wish to meet again. The philosopher is here grown querulous, the prince of sentimental courtesies a little defiant. The causes of this mood are explained by Mr. Sidney Colvin, who prefixes a charming word of introduction, at the author's command. Mr. Colvin, however, makes a rather serious blunder in this prefatory note. He says that the public does not wish to read his (Mr. Colvin's) prose. He is entirely in error. His prose has qualities which demand warm recognition even from those who have a new volume of Mr. Stevenson's essays in their hands, and if the public does not read it, it is only because Mr. Colvin is so plaguily parsimonious in distributing his fine literary produce.

The ugliest books now current come over from America, but it is barest justice to add that the prettiest make the same voyage. I do not know where or when I have seen a more exquisite specimen of book-craft than *Roger Payne and his Art* (the De Vinne Press), by Mr. W. Loring Andrews, of New York. Printed in noble type, with the blackest of ink, on Holland paper, illustrated by delicate facsimiles in colour of some of the great binder's masterpieces, with its sober dark green cloth and rose-coloured fly-leaves, this little volume delights every sense. It contains as its frontispiece a reproduction of the very rare print of Roger Payne in his workshop, a tattered figure, with hunger-sunken cheeks, amorously handling a folio in his long white fingers. Mr. Andrews, in a little monograph of remarkable grace, tells us all that is to be known of this unfortunate great man, of whom it can still be said, as Nichols put it in 1797, that "he lived without a rival, and died, it is feared, without a successor." Another noticeable volume about the library is Mr. J. A. Farrer's *Books Condemned to be Burnt* (Elliot Stock), which essays to fill for English bibliography, but less seriously, the place taken in France by M. Fernand Drujon's excellent treatise. Mr. Farrer has collected a mass of amusing anecdote, but is not very strong in criticism. In a second

edition the remarks about Marston and Marlowe, on p. 42, might with advantage be revised.

To offer the smallest reflection on the profound learning of the present occupant of the chair of Erasmus and of Porson would in the present writer be absurd indeed. But Mr. Jebb's volume on *The Trachiniæ* (Cambridge University Press) lies before me, and I may perhaps, without presumption, be allowed to refer to the introductory essay, in which, with a distinguished art of construction and analytical criticism, he illuminates the plot of the most human of the plays of Sophocles, and dwells on the exquisite character of Deianeira. This is the fifth volume of the great work on which Mr. Jebb has so long been engaged. Another Cambridge professor, Mr. J. H. Middleton, has so far expanded two of his well-known publications on *The Remains of Ancient Rome* (A. and C. Black) as to produce what really constitutes a new contribution to antiquarian literature. The person,—or persons,—who write under the pseudonym of "E. B. Lanin," have tied together their occasional rods, reddened on the back of Muscovy, into a truly formidable *fascis* called *Russian Characteristics* (Chapman and Hall). This book makes the reader first tingle with indignation, then turn sick with shame, and then grow indifferent with excess of emotion. It is the opposite of the complaint about Florian's pastorals; this landscape wants a sheep or two to make the wolves credible. Moreover, or I am much mistaken, the axe of revolution peeps out of the bundle.

In the fifth and sixth volumes of his translation of the works of Heinrich Heine (Heinemann), Mr. Leland reaches and completes the *Germany*, which has never been translated into English before, probably because, since 1855, it has been accessible in a French version revised by the author. None the less, this is an important contribution to current literature, and perhaps the most interesting instalment of his laudable undertaking which Mr. Leland has yet presented to us. I cannot do more than allude to another valuable translation, that of the *Memoirs of Marbot*, by Mr. A. J. Butler (Longmans). If Marbot had but been one of those who *see*, as well as feel and act, this work would be the most important record of the campaigns of Napoleon extant. The painter's gift was denied him, but enough was given to make his book of extraordinary interest.

Of what has been published in France during the past month I cannot speak exhaustively. All I can do is to mention what happens to have come in my way. M. Alphonse Daudet has published a short

novel, *Rose et Ninette* (Flammarion), which will certainly disappoint his admirers; let them turn to the delicious *Sylvaine* (Charpentier) of the Thomas Hardy of Languedoc, M. Ferdinand Fabre. M. Brunetière has collected his scattered essays of the last five years into a volume, which those who find all his criticism serious and solid will have to add to their collection of his works; the opening study is one on the literary impressionists of the hour. M. François Coppée has published a delicious little prosodical rhapsody, called *Réflexions sur l'Art des Vers* (A. Lemevre), which deserves to stand by Banville's *Petit Traité;* and M. Paul Verlaine has produced, for the esoteric circle of his admirers, a pamphlet of Catholic verse, *Liturgies Intimes* (Bibliothèque du Saint-Graal). Finally, Pierre Loti has published the original draft of his *Discours de Réception* (Calmann Lévy), in which, amid many indiscretions and some puerilities, will be discovered a few enchanting pages.

Several admirable volumes will be in the hands of the general reader so late in April that I am warned that I must leave the notice of them to my successor. I envy him the pleasure of discussing Mr. Rudyard Kipling's thrilling and virile *Barrack-Room Ballads* (Methuen), Mr. Saintsbury's accomplished life of *The Earl of Derby* (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.), and the erudite edition of Fielding's *Journey to Lisbon* (C. Whittingham), with which Mr. Austin Dobson is about to open the new series of "Chiswick Press Classics." Professor Froude's *Spanish Story of the Armada* belongs to the same tantalising category.

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE DRAMA.

CURRENT terminology—above all stage terminology—is rarely precise. Possibly it might be as well if the phrase, "psychological drama," which appears to be in common use, were overhauled and revised, so that it might not be applied in quite so random a fashion as it is at present. Everything apparently which is uncommon, or eccentric, or repulsive may be classed as psychological, so that even the *Maelström*, which was one of the few theatrical novelties of the past month, was duly set forth as an example or a caricature of the psychological drama. The play in question which forms the second venture of Mr. Lart at the Shaftesbury Theatre is, so

far as it has any meaning, a study in madness, pure and simple; and it would be a little difficult to explain in what sense the contortions and the gasps and the irresponsible vagaries of a sort of Mr. Hyde (without a corresponding Dr. Jekyll) throw light upon the interesting recesses of a human soul. Perhaps "pathological" is the descriptive word required: and in the case of the *Maelström* it is a very crude kind of pathology. Mr. Mark Melford struggled manfully, Frankenstein-like, with the monster which his ingenuity had devised, but after all it was his own fault that such a burden was laid upon him. The pity of it was that so fine an actress as Miss Olga Brandon should have had to attempt to enlist the sympathies of the audience with the madman's unhappy wife.

In truth, most of the drama which nowadays is called "psychological" is pathology, nothing more and nothing less. Philosophers dispute how far the study of mind in disease throws light upon the normal action of a healthy mind, but they ought not to confuse the two. Since the time, however, when that Norwegian propounder of conundrums first brought such confusion into the orthodox theatrical camp, we have been recklessly affixing the label "psychological" in sheer despair of finding any succinct description which would fit the so-called "new" school of dramatists. Ibsen's *Ghosts* has been spoken of as psychological, whereas an unblushing picture of hereditary disease might possibly be called "naturalistic" and scientific, or declared to be of medical value (like some of those museums of horrors which young men used to go to see with shrinking curiosity in the metropolis), but can hardly be styled a study in character. It is different, of course, with *A Doll's House*,—quite recently revived by Miss Achurch,—or, perhaps, more doubtfully, with *Hedda Gabler*, where the character of the heroine—whatever else we may think of it—is subjected to an interesting analysis. So, too, with Mr. Austin Fryers' Ibsenite study *Beata*, in which there are clever contrasts of character. But we have heard Maeterlinck's *Princess Maleine* called "psychological," possibly because at a crisis the heroine's nose begins to bleed, and *The Intruder*, which is not dramatic at all, but a striking literary *tour de force*. Naturally enough, "the blood-red cry" of Montanaro is put in the same category, on the ground that at all events its meaning is not obvious; in fact, whatever is revolutionary, anarchical, strange, uncanny, or insane, is provided with the convenient label either for praise or censure. And the *Maelström* thus gets into very congenial company.

It is necessary to get back to familiar commonplaces, in order to put ourselves right in this matter. A tremendous engine of the modern "scientist" is the comparative method, which he applies alike to history, to politics, to sociology, and to the human mind. It is on this ground that we now study the phenomena of the nursery, the phenomena of the Zoological Gardens, and the phenomena of Bedlam, in order to improve our conceptions of the average adult intelligence. The vagaries of childhood, the antics of monkeys, the grimacings of madness—these are now held to be necessary addenda to what we know of that mysterious personality which gives us a human consciousness. But the starting point and standard of measurement must always be normal and adult sanity: otherwise we are theorising in the void inane. If we say that a dog is pleased, we are arguing from what we mean by pleasure, together with its outward signs, to what we observe in the dog: and if we say that a lunatic has lucid intervals, we are estimating the aberrations of idiotcy by means of healthy and commonplace good sense. All this is obvious enough, but sometimes our pathologists forget it, and the pathological dramatist is apt to ignore it. *Hamlet* is truly a psychological play, but why? Because Hamlet is only mad north-north-west, and if everything else fails us, we have the eminently healthy Fortinbras to give us an accurate standard of what the rotten state of Denmark requires. *King Lear* is again a psychological play, because in this we have an accurate diagnosis of how a self-willed, obstinate monarch is driven mad by ingratitude. The process is the interesting thing, and although it must always be an open question whether *King Lear* should be presented on the stage, owing to the horrors of some of its scenes, we have numberless pictures of sweet sanity and reasonableness to set us right in our judgment of the distempered monarch. But where all the characters are mad we lose the unit of measurement, and, as in some of Mr. Gilbert's topsy-turvy plays, we do not know whether we are standing on our head or our heels. There may be kaleidoscopic variety of incidents, but no psychology. It is impossible for anyone to declare that it is "a mad world, my masters," unless he is talking from a standpoint of sanity. Otherwise he is like the Cretan who said that all Cretans are liars, when it becomes equally immaterial whether we believe him or disbelieve him. He puts himself out of court, because his own characteristics include him in the class which he criticises.

It is a pleasure to turn from the *Maelström* to a sheer piece of

absurdity like *Niobe*, which, after successful production elsewhere, made its appearance in London at the Strand Theatre. The idea of *Niobe* is, of course, not new, but perhaps it is none the worse for that. A statue which comes to life and introduces endless complications in an ordinarily respectable household has already done service in literature, as well as in *Pygmalion and Galatea*. Such novelty as the Messrs. Paulton have managed to give to their play consists in the fact that the classical figure becomes animated in a modern Bayswater home, and is clothed in the dress of a governess. The *imbroglio* is funny enough, and gives a good opportunity to Miss Beatrice Lamb, whose statuesque style is admirably fitted for such a character-part as that with which the authors have provided her. But here and there, as is perhaps inevitable in a story of this kind, the situations are somewhat risky; and, after all, the play is not comedy, but farce. It must be farce, when the difficulty of how to dispose ultimately of the classical survival of antiquity is solved by allowing her to be paired off with an art-critic at the fall of the curtain. Everyone laughs, however, and thus "*Niobe*—all smiles"—fulfils her blameless function to the entire satisfaction of the dramatist and the audience.

It is when we get to plays not altogether of this class, but of that with which this is closely allied, that we begin to be aware how insensibly the drama proper shades down into the music-hall extravaganza which some County Councillors desire to stigmatise as improper. The real dramatic interest of the past month centres not in the few plays which have been either produced or revived, but in the curious evidence which has been given to the Parliamentary Committee on Theatres and Music-Halls. Matters appear to have come to something like a crisis between the supporters of the two rival institutions. The *causa belli* is the question whether "sketches," or embryo stage plays, should or should not be permitted on the music-hall stage, and whether, if they are permitted, they should be strictly limited in time—say to half an hour—and in the number of characters. The contention from the side of the music-hall assumes the somewhat ambiguous formula that there should be "free-trade in amusements," to which the opposite party reply that, inasmuch as any music-hall can turn itself into a theatre by applying for a licence if it chooses to do so, the question of free-trade does not really come in. All kinds of subordinate issues are, however, involved in the controversy. According to one side, the so-called "variety entertainment" would be materially improved in tone and

style if it included "dramatic sketches"; according to the other side, such a concession as this would, to a considerable extent, enhance the already formidable competition, and drive some of the more feebly established theatres to the wall. There is a further question, too, about smoking and drinking, both of which luxuries can be indulged in by the patron of the music-hall at the very time that he is seeing the entertainment, whereas no self-respecting theatre could allow its dramas to be enacted in the midst of clouds of smoke and the incessant restlessness of the refreshment waiter.

It is not difficult to note the weak points on either side of the arguments; what is more difficult is to estimate the general bearings of the controversy. The music-hall is primarily a drinking saloon, to which has been attached a room or hall available for entertainments. There is, assuredly, something absurd in a body of licensed victuallers, who are "Protectionists," probably, to a man, marching to the fray under the banner of "Free-trade." On the other hand, it is almost impossible to maintain that a "variety entertainment" differs in kind, as the supporters of the theatre assert, from the theatrical performance. The line, in some cases, between a farce, burlesque, or pantomime, and the so-called humours of music-hall artistes is obviously very difficult to draw. For the music-hall proprietors to clamour for the right to produce "only a sketch" seems therefore unjustifiable. No one can define what a sketch is, and how it differs from a formal play, and the only possible mode of discrimination would be, as Mr. Irving suggested in his evidence, a difference in length of performance and the number of personages introduced.

Nevertheless, there is a good deal to explain the anxiety of the theatrical manager in this matter. If the music-hall proprietor is to be allowed the privileges of a theatre without its responsibilities or its sincere devotion to art, it is clear that the receipts of a theatrical manager, already somewhat precarious, would become more precarious still. For if there is one thing which is significant in the contemporary age it is the tendency to prefer brief studies, of whatever kind, rather than those elaborate and more formal efforts which in a less excitable and more deliberate period were found to possess quite sufficient attractiveness. The same characteristic is certainly observable in literature, for it is now the era of the short tale. Even journalism feels the same influence, and what sometimes in derision and sometimes in praise is called the new journalism consists largely of fitful and spas-

modic paragraphs, each of them intended to convey something smart and piquant for the hurried reader. There appears to be a similar inclination on the part of the play-loving public to feel an interest in detached sketches, a fact which serves to explain the success of the so-called "triple bill" at all the different theatrical houses at which during the last three or four months it has appeared. If it were in any sense true that the majority of sightseers were getting tired of the formal drama, it would be easy to understand the perturbation which has been caused by the suggestion that dramatic sketches should be played at music-halls.

In reality, however, though there may or may not exist a general tendency of this description, the audiences which go to the two forms of entertainment can at present be easily distinguished. The great advantage of a music-hall is that it provides so successfully for the migratory and occasional visitor. A man may have a late dinner, go in for half an hour, and depart with the feeling that no one blames him for his easily-sated curiosity, or his inability to sit still for more than thirty minutes. He can also convey his cigar from the dining-room to his place of entertainment, and if he has not yet satisfied an inordinate thirst, he will find many opportunities for whatever indulgence he may require. It is absurd to speak of such a man as if he were worshipping in the Temple of Art; he is doing nothing of the kind, he is merely trying to find fresh excitements for a jaded palate. The lover of the drama is a different being. He goes to a play with a dissimilar motive and with a mind attuned to different interests. The drama is not merely a sort of congenial sequel to the after-dinner glass of port and the cigarette. If anyone doubts this fact, the test is easy. It is conceivable that a man who is really interested in the theatre could take his seat in the stalls, boxes, or pit without a dinner; but does it come within the range, not only of possibility, but of conceivability, that anyone could be so enamoured of a music-hall as to witness its vagaries without a due preparation of feasting and drinking?

To this may be added those considerations which were urged by Mr. Irving in his recent evidence before the Parliamentary Committee. Whence comes the majority of receipts in a theatre? Clearly from those who pay for their places in the different parts of the house, and who, therefore, are presumably anxious to see what is proceeding on the stage. "In West End theatres the rental of the saloons together with a right to hire opera glasses and such collateral privileges does not produce on the average more than 20 or 25 per cent. of the theatre rental,

which is itself comparatively a small item in the expense of working a theatre." What, however, are we to say of the corresponding figures in the balance-sheets of places of entertainment? Mr. Rutland, the solicitor to the music-hall proprietors, made the best case he could for his clients, yet even his ideal music-hall shows a very different state of things in the takings respectively from refreshment and entrance money. On the most moderate supposition some 44 per cent. of the gross receipts in a music-hall comes from the sale of refreshments, and it is open to grave doubt whether in the majority of similar places of entertainment the percentage is not much nearer 60, 70, or even 80 per cent. It is at all events significant to find that the Alhambra tried to improve itself by becoming a theatre under the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain, and therefore "subject to the more stringent rules of propriety which govern theatres." The experiment was anything but a success, and it has now relapsed again to the music-hall status, with a dividend which more happily meets the wishes of the shareholders. If acting be an art at all, it naturally resents anything which might tend to assimilate it to conditions in which art is not so important as peripatetic possibiiities of tobacco and drink.

What will be the exact effect of the proposed change is a somewhat doubtful matter. Let us assume that the music-hall proprietor is allowed to introduce a dramatic sketch of thirty, forty, or even sixty minutes. Who will be injured, or whose interest will be ruined? Certainly not the better kind of theatres, which for many years to come are probably well able to take care of themselves; for if it be true that the class of spectator is different in the two cases, no music-hall manager would be so foolish as to alienate his habitual patrons by giving them too much of what is only too likely to bore and disappoint them. There is endless diversity in tastes, and there is happily still a section of society which admires Shakespeare, just as there is indubitably a very large section which finds a real attractiveness in "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." Why should the fortunate exploiter of a music-hall artiste, whose talent is worth, say, some £60 a week, care to run the risk of lessening his receipts by introducing the serious drama? If, however, the change is ever made, and if the process of so-called moral improvement is thought necessary in the case of the music-hall, there are two classes of people who may be injured. One is the manager of the small theatre, who probably at the present time finds it very difficult to attract a public, and who under the formidable